

# DISTRACTIONS,

OR 1036

## *The Holy Madnesse.*

Ferucntly (not Furiously)  
inraged against Euill Men; or  
against their Euills.

Wherein the Naughtie are disco-  
uered to themselves, and Others: and  
may here see at once, Who they Are;  
What they Doe: And How  
they Ought

Somewhat Delightfull, but Fruitfull  
altogether: as Ordered to please  
a little; but Aymed to  
profit much.

---

By IOHN GAVLE,  
*Utriusque olim Academicus.*

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DISTRACTION

The Art of Memory

For the Use of the  
Famous School of  
Memory

Whithersoever the Mind is directed



Some of the most  
valuable and  
curious

By JOHN GAVLE

Printed and sold by



LONDON

Printed by J. GAVLE  
for J. GAVLE



TO  
THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE  
BAPTIST Lord  
HICKS, Baron of *Uxington*,  
Vicount *Camden*; Health,  
Honour, Happinesse,  
both in this, and a  
better Life.

*My Honourable good Lord,*

**T**HVS  
(as I am  
bound )  
bethink  
me. Whose ought  
A 4 Mine

*The Epistle*

Mine to be, but  
whose I am my  
selfe ? To accept  
the Parent, is (I  
presume) not to  
refuse the Brood.  
It is but my Duty,  
to beget any thing  
to your seruice :  
and shall bee your  
Goodnesse , to  
vouchsafe it enter-  
tainment. I must  
confesse, it had bin  
better, this win-  
dy

*Dedictory.*

dy Egge should  
haue bene pashit  
in the Shell; than  
been hatcht vnder  
your Lordships  
Wings. It is a  
common Fault;  
and some beside  
me, bewaile toge-  
ther with me: Ah  
that such our  
worthlesse Brats,  
so wontedly creep  
into so honourable  
Bosomes. What  
As ouer-

*The Epistle*

ouer-insolence is  
it of ours; that we  
dare to shroud vs  
there, where wee  
ought rather feare  
to bee detected.  
This is more than  
Boldnesse, that I  
presume now a  
Patron for my  
Worke: It shall  
be but Duty, that  
I endeavour once  
a Worke for my  
Patron. What  
haue

*Dedicatory.*

haue I here set  
before you ; but  
what your selfe  
(before me) haue  
not onely noted,  
but hated also ;  
Mens Vanities,  
and Euils ? Oh  
pardon, that I pre-  
sent your Lord-  
ship with what  
you like not to  
behold : I shall so  
be tied to make  
amends with what  
(I

*The Epistle*

(I know) you loue  
to embrace.

To Praise you  
(as they vse) for  
your Pietie, Gra-  
uitie, Bountie,  
Clemencie, would  
be thought to flat-  
ter you : To haue  
named you is (in  
all these) to haue  
praised you. Yet  
will I (maugre all  
such their imputa-  
tion, or exception)

pray



*Dedicatory*

pray for you. May  
your **L**ordship  
live long dayes,  
and good: yea, ha-  
ving now attained  
to a good age; let  
it yet be added to  
your dayes. May  
your iustest Ho-  
nour (maugré the  
mutability of these  
rolling Globes, &  
Times) neuer be  
destitute of Conti-  
nuance with En-  
large-

*The Epistle &c.*

largement. May  
you lastly, for Ho-  
nour terrestriall,  
and fading; enioy  
an Happinesse ce-  
lestiall, and with  
eternity. So praies,  
and vowes

*Your Honours*

*devoted and*

*dutifull Chaplaine,*

*JOHN GAYLE.*



TO  
THE WISE,  
and Good, a few  
Words before-hand ;  
and they in their owne  
Words, the Words  
of Sobernelle and  
Truth.

**Y**OU, the  
recovered  
Sons of a  
once-Fallen Father ;  
yea, the recounted  
Sonnees of a Father  
euer-

euery-liuing : whose  
Soules bee bath so  
Gratiously inlight-  
ned, so inflamed ;  
and so made you, as  
I said (in your  
Manner, and Mea-  
sure) both Wise, and  
Good. You are (I  
beleue no lesse, and  
as much reioyce) as  
fresh Fish, in this  
salt Sea ; as tried  
Gold, to this cankered  
Drosse ; as purging  
Fires

Fires amidst these  
noysome Dungbills.  
You are indeed pickt  
out for Fish ; yet  
is there (you know,  
and grieve) much  
Soyle beside you :  
You are sowne for  
VVheat ; and (a-  
las ! ) what Tares  
come vp among you ?  
Woe, woe ! There  
will bee Goats ;  
though you be mark't  
for Sheepe. To you

## The Epistle

I come (so please you  
bid me, for you need  
me not) in the Spi-  
rit of Meeknesse:  
The Rod only is laid  
upon the Backs it  
was made for; the  
Backs of Fooles.  
Nor to those come  
I thus only; but euen  
otherwise, as I see oc-  
casion. The Physi-  
tian of the Body u-  
seth not the same  
Meanes to heale all:  
Nor,

Dedictory.

W

Nor, with that o-  
ther, and better of  
the Soule, is there one  
way to winne all. To  
yeeld to Some, is  
(by that mcanes)  
to gaine them to  
our selues. That if  
come to Men in their  
owne Words; is to  
bring Men to your  
Minds. Tis but  
my Baic I haue  
somewhat ordered to  
their Appetite: you  
see



## The Epistle

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bid me, for you need  
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rit of Meeknesse :  
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owne Words; is to  
bring Men to your  
Minds. Tis but  
my Bait I haue  
somewhat ordered to  
their Appetite: you  
see

see how my Hark is, it  
 hangs upon. Let my  
 aiming excuse me;  
 and not my Saying,  
 or Seeming only cen-  
 sure mee before you.  
 Neuer was it but  
 allowed, by none  
 but lauded euer;  
 so to stoope to o-  
 thers, as thereby  
 to raise them vp.  
 Our Holy Lord  
 vouchsafed himselfe  
 to be made like vs;

to make not like  
unto himselfe: would  
take upon him our  
illy Offices; so to  
bring vs to his holy  
Mysteries. What  
said that Great Do-  
ctor of himselfe?  
To the weake be-  
came I as weake,  
that I might gaine  
the weake: I am  
made all things to  
all men, that I  
might by all means  
saue

saue some. What  
should I say of an-  
cient Authors, of  
holy Fathers; that  
haue writ of weake  
things, of graue  
things weakly; and  
both to instruct the  
Weake? Besides  
their loue to Good-  
nesse and Truth; it  
was some Art of  
theirs: so to bend  
themselves to others,  
as to draw on others.

to themselves. To hit a  
man home a little in  
his own humour; hath  
oft beene the way to  
stoop to his Capacitie,  
to touch his Affecti-  
ons. Let it then be at  
leastwise excusable, so  
to let a Man under-  
stand what he is ; as  
thereby to bring him  
to what he ought to  
be. Let no man iudge  
mee light, by my  
Lookes ; my Face

( I meane ) and  
Forefront: A more  
weighty, and pro-  
founder Title of a  
Booke, the Subject  
and Stile according-  
ly; I obserue ( for  
I haue already been  
so occasioned ) haue  
soone tired, nay quite  
deterred a Common  
Reader: Let not the  
Better bee against  
me, for Libus would  
winne on the Worse.

What



What euer the Most  
may muster against  
mee ; my hope is,  
the Best will say  
somewhat for mee ;  
against whom I  
ought ; I can say  
nothing. I know  
(through the impos-  
sibilitie of pleasing  
all) : I cannot but dis-  
please some. Who  
can say so well, and  
warily, which all  
will approue of ;

A 7 nay

nay which many  
will not even mis-  
like. Let no reue-  
rend Father, no lo-  
ving Brother (whom  
I humbly obserue,  
whom heartily I em-  
brace) say me male-  
content; and there-  
fore moued: (as  
haue also beene many  
in this Munde, and  
Mood.) Against or  
besides our State, and  
Church; nor haue I  
read,

read, haue I obser-  
ued; doe I iudge, doe  
I acknowledge any;  
so iustly Humane, so  
religiously Diuine.

Accept my Words  
upon my Faith; I  
labour to looke to,  
and satisfie mee with  
my selfe: I enuy no  
Man, I inueigh a-  
gainst no more.

Nor shall the For-  
raine Cauiller up-  
braid vs with our  
selues:

selues : If say not so  
of this our Land a-  
lone. No : I am a  
better Bird than so ;  
to defile mine owne  
Nest my selfe, by  
saying it so foule.  
I dare say, other Na-  
tions, and their  
Manners ; doe (in  
a manner) iustifie vs,  
and ours. Yea and  
our Publican Sins  
(If perswade me) in  
this our Church, shall  
rise

rise up in Iudgement  
against the Phari-  
saicall Righteous-  
nesse of that other,  
of theirs. Yet are  
not wee the Better;  
that they are the  
Wurse :: Nor are  
wee the lesse to be  
blamed, though they  
be the more to be ab-  
horred. Let me then  
disclose to them  
their Abominations,  
in our Infirmities.

VVee

VVe may toge-  
ther shame O-  
thers, and blame  
our Selues. And  
now, you againe the  
Wise ones and Good!  
if I shall doe (in any  
bit) well, and wor-  
thy you ; afford it  
your Favour: if other-  
wise, be pleased yet  
to Pardon it. So I  
leauē you, whom I  
bumbly craue ; and  
come to those, whom

I

*I rightly challenge to  
be my Readers.*







A  
P R E F A C E  
A P O L O G E T I C A L L  
to his Readers, touching  
Himselfe ; yea and some-  
what Satyricall to the Readers  
it toucheth : Where the Man so  
Distracted, tells them all together ;  
the Manner, Motiue, Maie  
end, and Method of  
his Madnesse.

*My Readers.*

**M**E thinkes I  
heare each  
of you aske  
with A-  
C H I S H ; *Have I  
need of mad men?*

B

Not

Not one inferres with  
**FESTVS**; *Much*  
*Learning doth make*  
*thee mad.* Whether  
you haue need of the  
Former; Sure I am, I  
haue need of the Other;  
and to no other end. I  
tell you true, I want Wit  
to be out of my Wits.  
*It is other than Folly, and*  
*Rage, is required to an*  
*Holy Madnesse.* Nay but  
I may take those Two  
vnto me; for I am Mad  
outright. I had as good  
say it, as heare it. They  
haue likewise said, of  
Other,

O he, and better than I  
Haue I need of mad  
men, that yee haue  
brought this Fellow  
to play the Mad  
man in my presence?

said the gabbling King  
of GATH, of One that  
wisely assumed such  
Behaviour for his bet-  
ter Safety. Where-

fore came this Mad  
Fellow to thee? said

the Seruants to I E H V,  
touching the Prophet,  
that came about a bu-  
shnell of weight and

buA

B 2 Worth:

WOULD : This Mad Fellow (say they) and wherefore came hee ? Though ( as it was told them ) they knew both the Man, and his Communication.

P A V L ! Thou art beside thy selfe : said a new Succeeding, and ( perhaps ) a new Gaping Gouvernour ; to One that well answered for himselfe : I am not mad ; but speake forth the words of Truth, & Sobernesse.

And

And (which I abhorre  
to repeat) the worst in  
this wise, was said of  
Him, that was the best  
of All : Hee hath a  
Devill, and is mad.  
Wicked men, and willesse ;  
iudge of Others, and Ret-  
ters, by themselves. Them-  
selues are Gracelesse ; and  
the rest ( they thinke )  
are Reasonlesse. The Wis-  
dome they apprehend not ;  
they say, is Folly. Hee  
does Foolishly, that does  
beside their Drift. Hee  
talkes Nonsense, that  
speakes beyond their Con-

ceit. The Herment) (with  
 them) are Furious. They  
 count of Zeale, but as  
 Rage: And the Saints  
 Earnestnesse, they call his  
 Madnesse. HANNAH  
 is Devout; and is so  
 thought DRUNKEN: And  
 They were said to bee  
 Full of new Wine;  
 that were filled with the  
 Holy Ghost. Be a man  
 Devout or Zealous; the  
 world will doe him  
 either Drunke, or Mad.  
 Are ye so Mad, to think  
 and say so madly of vs?  
 yours (if any) is the  
 Mad-

Madnesse: Why nute  
yee others with your  
owne Brand: Marke  
but who hath marked  
you: *I will smite thee  
with Madnesse.* The  
*Wise Man* said it of wic-  
ked men; *Madnesse  
is in their heart,  
while they liue.* Take  
now your Tongues  
from vs; turne them  
against your selues. You  
had as good yeeld to  
confesse at first; as you  
shall bee constrained at  
last: *We Fooles coun-*



*ted his life Madnesse.* Themſclues are Mad; and they call vs so : that are not Mad, saue mad at them. Shall I moane mee with him in the COMEDIAN?  
*Ay me ! they say I am Mad; when none so mad, as they.* No. As the PSALMIST rather :  
*I said vnto the Fooles, deale not so madly :* Then doubtlesse they would not make me Mad. I enioy their Madnesse, while I seeke to thunne it :

Let

Let them care to heed  
it, and they may doe so  
by mine.

But (as I tell you) I  
haue taken vpon mee,  
to play the Mad man.  
Though not with Him,  
that did so, for his  
owne safeguard: But so  
to saue others, haue  
I done it. As was said  
of their Ignorance, and  
Delusion: so let mee  
say according to my  
Knowledge, and Zeale:

*The Prophet is a  
Foole, the Spirituall  
Man is Mad; for*

the multitude of  
thine Iniquity, and  
the great Hatred.  
In my sense; a Foole  
and Mad am I: for the  
great Hatred I haue to  
thine Iniquitie. My  
Aime is, and therefore  
my hope is, I may here  
say with Him: *Whether*  
*wee bee* besides  
our selues; it is to  
God: or whether we  
be Sober, it is for  
your Cause. I am in-  
different what I seeme to  
be, so it be for Gods glory,  
and

and his Childrens Good.

The ruth then is ; I am  
(as I ought ) thus di-  
draught : For I am  
both Warranted, and  
Vrged to it.

Warranted. The Pro-  
phets, and Holy men,  
(as they were com-  
manded) haue gone vp  
and downe, some Na-  
ked, some Chained,  
some Loaded, some  
Wounded : One in a  
passion, lets fall the Ta-  
bles ; Another on pur-  
pose breakes his Beales ;  
One (will needs haue  
another to smite him,

Ano-

Another cannot but  
must needs smite ano-  
ther. They haue be-  
dusted their Heads, be-  
smeared their Faces, be-  
smauered their Beards:  
They scrabbled with  
their Fingers, tore their  
Haires, rent their  
Cloathes; and (like  
Mad Men) threw dust  
into the aire. *The Saints  
of God haue beene some-  
times possessed with a  
Diuine Fury. Our stran-  
gest Motions, & Gestures  
(such as men commonly  
mocke, and irke) God  
oft times both bids, and  
likes.*

akes. Euen the Vncouth-  
nesse and Abruptnesse, of  
our both Passions, and  
Actions, serue to discover  
our Zeale, our Indigna-  
tion, our Devotion. The  
Prophet tooke him a  
TILE, pourtrayed the  
CITY, laid a SIEGE,  
built a FORT, cast a  
MOVNT, and set a  
CAMPE against it. He  
likewise CUT OFF  
his Haire, WEIGHED  
his Haire, DIVIDED  
his Haire : BYRNT a  
part in the Fire, SMOTE  
a part with a Knife,  
SCATTERED a part  
in

in the Wind ; and  
BOVND a Remnant in  
his Skirts. This was  
(may I say) a myſtical  
kind of Madneſſe. To  
haue ſeene him thus  
writing vpon a Tile  
thus buſied about his  
*Haire* : who would  
not haue thought him  
mad, that knew not  
what hee meant ? He  
that hath made the Foo-  
liſh things of this world  
to confute the Wiſe ; hath  
his good Purpoſes, in the  
idle Acts, and (as we  
would thinke) but vn-  
couſh and abrupt Beha-  
uiours

ours of men. In the  
foolishness of our Do-  
ings, as of our Preachings,  
with God his wise Art, and  
ends. God hath stirred  
up weake Actions in his  
Saints and Seruants; so  
as stirre up the weake.  
Those Practices of theirs  
that haue borne shew of  
Weaknesse in their Wor-  
king; were not without  
worth in their Meaning;  
and haue had Weight in  
their Effect.

Urged. None but  
rocks, but may be mo-  
ued: Especially, how  
ought we to be urged  
against



against Iniquities? I haue  
cause enough to make  
mee mad : Nay, should  
I be so, so oft as I haue  
cause ; I should neuer  
be but mad. How vn-  
quiet shall he be (yea euen  
unceffantly so) the mo-  
tion of whose owne Affe-  
ctions must depend vpon  
others Euils ? What mo-  
ment shall it be, in which  
there will not be to moue  
him ? Besides himselfe ;  
euen all are alwayes ready  
to prouoke him. Vnbappy  
he ! when so many mad  
him. I could ( : with  
Others ) haue been Sad,  
and

and Merry ; but I haue  
chosen ( by my Selfe )  
to bee Mad at Euills.  
While *Iehu* comes vp  
against *Iezabel* ; what  
should he but *Drive*  
*Furiously* ? but ( as  
there ) march on in  
*Madnesse* ? There  
is a mad Knot of Euills  
in the World ; and they  
aske a mad Wedge to  
sunder them . I will  
( and spare not ) both  
Launce, and Seare : Nor  
shal the Diseased howle,  
and bawle at mee ; but  
rather thanke himselfe.

*An*

An intemperate Patient,  
and obstinate, makes, and  
needs a Physitian both  
hard and harsh. I am  
sorry for *Heraclitus*;  
that was so Sad him-  
selfe : because others  
(hee saw) were Bad.  
Shall euery Bad man,  
make mee a Sad man?  
When (*Imaruell*) shall  
hee be Merry ; whom  
others Euill may afflict?  
This were to hurt my  
selfe, and doe them no  
good. Alas too tender  
*Philosopher* ! himsele  
was to be wept for ;  
that so wept for others.

laugh (in like manner)  
Democritus, that moc-  
ing Philosopher; that  
made such jests at mens  
earnests. How should  
I thinke him serious;  
that thought all ridicu-  
lous? I rather like (with  
Lampisacus) to mix both,  
and fall a Madding: to  
put vpon mee the very  
Face of a Fury: and (as a  
Spie come from Hell)  
to giue the Devils notice  
of mens mischieuoul-  
nesse. There are Evils in  
the world, to be Sad at,  
Merry at, Mad at. Wee  
cannot but waile at mens  
Miseries,

*Miseries, but smile at  
their Vanities, but rage at  
their Iniquities. Errours  
may prouoke vs; but Impi-  
eties will irrage.*

Aske now no more  
with *Achish*; I answer  
you at once; You haue  
all need of Mad men.  
The Diuine Fury is rea-  
dy against you; The  
Furies of Hell are ready  
for you; a yelling Fury  
of your owne is within  
you: Oh suffer another  
Fury, & shun the other;  
an Holy Fury! An Holy  
Fury, to spie out your  
Euils in your Hearts; to  
tell

them to your Teeth;  
curse them before  
your Faces ; to rend  
them from your Soules;  
to damne them to their  
Hell. Neuer more need  
of Mad men, than now  
dayes. No *Fiercenesse*  
of men can be enough to  
curse, and damne the new  
Sinnes of men: No Fury  
vnder Heauen ; none  
aboue Hell, is enough to  
plague them. I will as  
disorderly reckon the  
Disorders of our dayes.

Now are the *Evill*  
*Dayes; the Perillous*  
*Times:*

Times: for now, The  
whole world lieth in  
wickednesse. Since the  
World was, neuer was  
the World so wicked as  
now. It was once the Wicked-  
nesse of a World; but  
is now a World of Wicked-  
nesse. The Wickednesse  
that once was, was con-  
cluded in a Garden; but  
the whole World cannot  
containe the Wickednesse  
that now is. Nay, the  
Wickednesse that now is,  
can containe a whole  
World: For so he sayes  
The whole World li-

h in wickednesse :  
and not Wickednesse only  
a World. The World  
as a Seat of Wicked-  
nesse ; but Wickednesse is  
become a Continent of the  
World. Quite against the  
Rule of Reason, the Acci-  
dent is the receptacle for  
the Subiect. Wee are now  
the worst Generation of  
Men : Euen they upon  
whom the Euill Dayes are  
come indeed. Our Fathers  
haue left their Faults be-  
hind them: which of Euils  
in them at first ; are be-  
come Examples to vs af-  
ter



ter them. Wickednesse is now not onely Done, but Taught. Vngodlinesse is growne to a Fashion: Iniquitie and Euill is so generally, customarily, publicly taken vp: that to be Wicked now, is not onely made pardonable, but thought commendable amongst vs. Wee haue exceeded our Forefathers Euill: and (for our Time) haue set. vp Sinne at so high a Pitch; that it were impossible to thinke how Posterity should adde vnto our Iniquities. And this is the woe of all; that  
Men

Men are irrecoverably  
Euill. Their corruption  
hath brought them to a  
custome ; their custome  
to an Obstinacy ; their Ob-  
stinacie to a Necessitie  
of being Euill : and that  
Necessity of being Euill,  
to an impossibility of be-  
ing otherwise. As a Di-  
uine Philosopher to his  
Friend ; When thou shalt  
see ( said hee ) a Multi-  
tude in a Market, Theatre,  
or like frequented place ;  
thinke with thy selfe,  
there are as many Vices,  
as Men. I say besides ;  
in a Play-house, Ex-  
C change,

change, Hall, Court, and Church; there is euer a greater throng of Sinnes, than Men. For, amongst the throngs of Men, euery Man hath his throng of Sinnes. Not to the Heads of Men only, but to the Haires of their beads, may their Sinnes be numbred. Men were neuer so many, but one man might reckon all the rest: But the Sins of one man, are more than he can count; much more, than for which he can giue account. What say we of men, and their Sins? You cannot reckon

kon more Nations, than  
you may Abominations.  
Besides the Barbarous  
People, whose Religion it  
is, to doe Devils worship;  
whose Law, to doe Men  
Wrong : Wee speake of  
these more Ciuill, more  
Christian Parts. Loe  
here ! Euery Nation ( as  
I said, and I cannot say  
more fitly ) his Abhomi-  
nation. The Germane  
Gluttonous, the Italian  
Irefull, the Spaniard  
Proud, the Frenchman  
Effeminate, the Dutch-  
man Deceitfull, the Irish-  
man Idle, the Scottish-

man Soothing, and the Englishman (alas the Englishman!) Evil. Observe all manner of Men, and their Manners. Turks are Barbarous, Jewes Malicious, and Christians (ah Christians!) Hypocriticall.

I may say of Any, or of All. Iniquity abounds in all both Nations, Persons, Actions: In all which Innocence is not onely rare, but none at all. Hee spake but too true of these Times, and Crimes of ours: In the last dayes, perillous Times shall come.

come. For men shall  
bee louers of their  
owneselves, Couetous,  
Boasters, Proud,  
Blasphemers, Dis-  
obedient to Parents,  
Unthankfull, Vn-  
holy, without natu-  
rall Affection, Truce-  
breakers, false Ac-  
cusers, Incontinent,  
Fierce, Despisers of  
those that are Good,  
Traitors, Heady,  
High minded, Lo-  
uers

uers of Pleasures,  
more than louers of  
God, Hauing a  
forme of Godlinesse,  
but denying the  
Power thereof. In  
these Dayes, Men are  
Borne, Liue, and Die vn-  
to themselves : And are  
become such strange Lo-  
uers of themselves ; that  
beside themselves, loue  
they neither God, nor  
Man. Their owne Lusts  
only loue they as their  
liues. Those vices of  
theirs that please them,  
they maintaine : Will  
out.

out-face, rather than acknowledge them : rather approve, than forsake them. Euery man now for himselfe : Nay, euery man now one against another. All wilde and sauage Ismaels, His band against euery Man, and euery mans hand against him. His Brothers Knife, at his Brothers Throat : his Brothers Sword, in his Brothers side. Stranger is not safe with Stranger : Nor is Kinne secure with Kinne : And louing Brethren are as Blacke Swans. The Godly man



most of all, is ( in this world of wicked ones ) as a Lilly amongst Thornes; as a Sheepe in the midst of Wolues: With I O B, a Brother to Dragons; and with E Z E K I E L, a Neighbour to Scorpions: A L O T in Sodome; a I O S E P H in Egypt; an I S R A E L in Babylon. Must either be drawn to doe Euill; or forced to endure it. All that is in this World, is either Snares, or Preyes: There is no way for vs to escape our selues; but by seeking to intrap others. The world

world is come to such a  
passe ; that wee must ei-  
ther doe Wrong, or take  
Wrong; Kill, or be Killed;  
Deceiue, or be Deceiued.

Religion ( it is mani-  
fest ) is but taken up vn-  
der hand: while Pietie,  
and Honesty lie so vnder  
foot. They make some  
Profession, that so they  
may wrong with lesse  
Suspition. Men walke like  
Foxes in Lambes skins,  
that they may the rather  
deceiue : and come like  
Wolues in Sheeps Cloa-  
thing, that so they may be  
sooner deuoure. Pharisee  
C 5 like,

like, Cleane Outfides,  
painted Sepulchers, whi-  
ted Walls; they deuoure  
Widowes Houses,  
vnder pretence of  
long Prayers. And  
what more foule Iniqui-  
tie, than this so fained  
Sanctity? How horribly  
doe men belie their Vices?  
Their Pride, they call  
Gracefulnesse, their Flat-  
tering, Courtesie; their  
Tyranny, Iustice; their  
Auarice, Thrift; their  
Lewdnesse, Pleasantnesse;  
their Profusenesse, Boun-  
ty; and their Craft and  
Sub-

Subtilty, call they Policy,  
and Discretion. It was  
neuer good World since  
Vice went in Vertues  
Name, and Habit.

The Manners of Men  
haue now brought  
Lawes themselves into  
their Subiection. Neuer  
more Lawes ; none more  
Lawlesse, than now adaies.  
What Offences are done  
daily before the Barre of  
Iustice ? Right is but lit-  
tle Defended, euen where  
Right seemes to bee most  
Reserued. Lawes are  
bought, and sold : And be  
commonly hath the best  
Penny-

Penny-worth of Law,  
that hath the worst Cause.  
Laws are so many, and  
so abused; that they are  
made to discourse, and dis-  
pute Truth, and Right.  
Whereas were they fewer,  
and well executed; they  
would easily and readily  
determine, and command  
them both. Nor doth a  
Common wealth labour  
so in the multitude of  
Laws, as of Lawyers. (I  
speake not of iust Iudges,  
and equall Officers of the  
Law.) But of cunning  
Catchpoles, and hungry  
Pettifoggers; that (like  
swarmes

(swarmes of Flies) pester,  
and infest a land. These  
( if you knew all ) haue  
robbed many a Church,  
wronged many a Widow,  
starued many an Orphan,  
and vndone many an ho-  
nest Man. In foule stirres,  
and Contentions of Men,  
these thrust in for more  
filthy Aduocates. Of these  
I say ; Many Lawyers,  
many Wranglers. Else,  
how should these men liue,  
that are raised by others  
ruines ; did they not make  
worke for themselves.  
These Seminaries of Dis-  
sention, haue a Camill, or a  
Quirke,

Quirke, to make the Law  
it selfe ( which indeed is a  
Rule of Peace ) set Men at  
oddes; and keep them so. As  
when you send your Water  
to a needy Empiricke, you  
must resolve to take Phy-  
sicke: so declare your case  
to one of these greedie  
Catchpoles, and you must  
needs goe to Law. Nay,  
hee tells you what wrong  
you haue done your selfe  
hitherto: and all to bring  
you ( by his meanes ) to  
doe your selfe, and others  
Wrong. You ( like silly  
sheepe ) take this Bryar-  
Bush to shelter you; and  
be

See all to tatters your  
Fleece : you two must  
tugge together ere you  
part. His is the Gaine on-  
ly in the end, yours (per-  
haps) both the Losse, and  
Shame.

This is also a sore euill  
vnder the Sunne : Ver-  
tue is set after Wealth  
Wealth gets up a Cocke-  
horse ; while Vertue but  
holds the Stirrop. Lear-  
ning is made but a Page  
to Riches. The Golden  
Asse is worshipped ; the  
Ragged Philosopher is  
contemned. Let a man be  
Religious, Vertuous, Lear-  
ned,



ned, Wise ; yet this thing  
is thought to preiudice his  
best Parts ; that hee is  
Poore : But let him bee  
Impious, Vicious, Clow-  
nish, Foolish ; yet that  
he is Rich, makes amends  
for all the Rest. A Man  
without Money, is abhor-  
red like a Monster : but  
adored as a Goddesse, is  
Money without a Man.  
This same Goddesse  
Wealth, bewitches vs all  
to her Worship. For her  
wee plot, and pray ; and  
ride, and run ; and digge,  
and begge. For base Lu-  
cres sake, wee are ready

to embrace an Enemy, and  
fall at odds with a Friend.  
To ours be the Gaine, wee  
respect not whose is the  
Losse ; yea though the  
Losse proue our Soules at  
last.

The World turns round  
in a Toppie-Turuy ; and  
euery Thing goes the  
wrong way to worke. The  
Ass is got to a Harpe ;  
Phaeton will be climb-  
ing ; and Icarus must goe  
flie. Euery man irkes his  
owne Lot : is weary of his  
present Condition : No-  
thing is more tedious to  
him, than himselfe. Nor  
can

can be containe him with  
in the pale of his proper  
Calling. Art hath got a  
tricke to force Nature.  
Euery Man considers  
what he Aimes at ; not  
what he is Apt for. Mer-  
cury is made out of euery  
Logge. Dunses goe for  
Scholars ; Wretches are  
prest for Souldiers ; Idiots  
usurpe Authoritie ; and  
Knaues creepe into Offi-  
ces : Taylors take Orders ;  
and Weauers will bee  
Priests. Frogs professe  
Physicke. Wherein is a  
Mans least Skill ; that is  
his whole Profession. Men  
trauell

auell in vntimely Births;  
labour in vnapt Actions:  
like Channels without a  
Conduit; turne Teachers,  
when they yet both might,  
and ought to Learne. They  
usually come armed to the  
Church; goe naked to the  
Campe: sing at a Fune-  
rall; mourne at a Wed-  
ding: study hard in a  
Play-house; sit fiddling in  
a Senate-house: earnest in  
a May-Game; and slacke  
vpon their Seruice. One  
takes vpon him to swim  
ouer Hellespont on a  
Horse; Another aymes to  
ascend Athos in a Ship:  
One

One lies him downe  
sleeps in a Waggon; Another  
will goe a iourney on  
his Bed. One takes butter  
Pease on his Knife point.  
Another eats Eggs with  
Spoones. Bid him speake  
& he is mute: say Whistle  
and he babbles. He writes  
Politicks, ere he yet come  
into a Common-wealth;  
Commands peremptorily,  
where he hath small Au-  
thoritie; flatly Deter-  
mines, what he least con-  
ceives. Who knoweth him-  
selfe? who hath himselfe?  
who enters into himselfe?  
who keepes within him-  
selfe?

lf? who seekes not  
himselfe without? No man  
measures himselfe by his  
owne Feet; by his owne  
parts is no man measured.  
Asses preferre Straw, to  
Gold: and Dunghill Birds  
a Barly Corne, to a preti-  
ous Pearle. Baser things  
are esteemed, and frequen-  
ted: Better things they  
neither know how to  
prize, nor use. Fooles  
and Idiots, let fall Sub-  
stances, to catch at Sha-  
dowes: let the Bird goe  
out of hand, and keepe a  
beating about the Busb.  
Uncertainties are the  
most

most certaine Purchas  
All turne Merchant Ad-  
uenturers, (for Places  
Offices, Dignities; Tem-  
porall, Ecclesiasticall) and  
buy long Hopes, with  
large Price. How many  
fondly both adventure  
and undoe themselves, to  
be well spoken of? Speake  
him but faire to his Face,  
and you may haue his  
Heart out. His Table fur-  
nishes him with Friends;  
and they likewise his Ta-  
ble: And now the Cloib  
scarce taken vp, but they  
are ready to rise. Men  
are all for the Present!

And

and for that, so as it be  
commodious. What hath  
formerly beene, is now  
forgotten. There is in-  
deed a quicke Apprehen-  
sion, but no good Memory  
of one anothers Acts, and  
Offices. If he cannot so  
doe, as he hath done; he  
shall not be so thought, as  
he was. Former things  
are Frosted. An old  
Dogge shall bee hanged;  
an old Seruing-Man dis-  
carded; and an old Friend  
neglected: notwithstanding they haue beene for-  
merly so Vsefull, Painfull,  
Beneficiall. A man cannot  
tell



tell whom to trust to ; nor  
how to beleue him. Beside  
what his Heart imagines  
and Tongue utters ; his  
very Face betokens Fal-  
shood. Hee'll blow hot, and  
cold both with a wind.  
Say, and vsay, nay gain-  
say with a Breath. Will  
promise Mountaines, and  
performe Mole-hills : and  
tell you of more in a Mi-  
nute, than you shall finde  
in a Yeare. Nay ( which  
is worst ) will both Say  
well, and Doe well in De-  
ceit. As, many a man  
hath had a Good Turne  
done him : not altogether

to benefit, but to blinde,  
and bewitch him rather.  
A Man speakes a good  
word for his Friend, and  
two for himselfe : And  
commonly so advises him,  
as to bring his ~~owne~~ ends  
about. Two men contend  
together, and a Third ar-  
bitrates to eithers losse.  
Like Dogges, they snarle  
at one another, till the  
Bone bee snatcht away  
from both. Great men easi-  
ly take occasion to wrong  
Inferiours with authori-  
ty. And the Poore man  
hath offended enough ; in  
that hee is not able to de-  
D fend

send himselfe. The Poore man must part with his owne Right; or else be giues not the great Lord his Due. Rich mens Superfluities are growne enuious to Poore mens Necessities. Like Dogges in Mangers; they haue no need of it; they haue no will to it; and yet they keepe the poore Cattell from their Fodder. If a Man bee once downe the Hill; euery Man is apt to depresse him further. Once gored in the Body of his Estate, how many Hounds pursue him, and trace him still

still by the bloud of his Wound? He is soone made more miserable ; that is once so. None hath lesse paid him, than he, to whom most is due. Whom his Piety doth most commend ; him doth their Charitie least reward. It is both the Rule and Practise, to repell Force with Force : and repay Craft with Craft. So are wee wont to doe to others, as we see they haue done; not as we would they should doe, to vs. Doe a Man Good; and this is thanks enough, that hee doth thee

no Hurt. How many are ready to reward Euill for Good : and to wrong him most, of whom he best deserued ? What Spiders Webbes are here in the World ? Turbulent Wasps burst through ; while Impotent Gnats are intangled. The Gallows groanes for great Theeues ; and small Theeues only groane vpon the Gallows. What one Man doth, is a Fault, and Punished : What so many doe, is thought well, though worse. Tis strange, that the Greatnesse, and Generality of a Crime ;  
should

should make it seeme lesse  
mischieuous, lesse misera-  
ble, lesse punishable. That  
belike is Lawfull, which  
comes once to be Common  
And ( which is last, and  
worst ) Men liue, at Mens  
lusts : So also, Men perish,  
at Mens pleasures. And  
to Kill ; is both Courage,  
and Skill. Murder is  
made a Mans Art : and  
tis his Credit, to haue  
handsomely done the  
Deed. Besides those that  
are euill to others ; how  
many are so vnto them-  
selues ? How many Giants  
are there ; how many  
D 3 Gulfes

Gulfs of their Estates?  
They carrie all vpon their  
Backes; These put all into  
their Bellies: these feed  
finely, and rot at a deare  
rate: They goe gayly, till  
they bee worth not aboue  
their wearings. He makes  
a God of his Belly; Hee a  
Channell of his Throat;  
He a Sinke of his Heart;  
He a Lye of his Tongue;  
Hee a Theefe of his Fin-  
gers; He a Harlot of his  
Members. Yet (Oh despe-  
rate! Oh damnable!) say  
the Theefe, Drunkard,  
Blasphemer, Fornicator;  
their Thefts, Riots, Oaths,  
Lusts.

Lusts; are all (if sins) but Veniall Sinnes. No sinne is so great; but is lessened in his Opinion, by whose Mischiefe it is committed. Goodnesse and Truth haue not more Precepts, than Aduersaries thereunto. The Couetous man shrinks and shrugs, at a Lesson of Liberality: It irkes a Prodigall, to tell of Thriftinesse: The Proud man endures not to heare of Humblenesse: The Irfull hath no Patience, no not so much as to listen thereunto: The Theefe stops his eares at the

D 4 Charge



Charge of Iustice : The desperate Cut-throat is ready to dispatch him first, that would dissuade him from the Fact : 'Tis tedious to talke of Chastenesse before the Lustfull : And Sobernesse to a Drunkard, is but as a Tale of a Tubbe. These men will euery one sooner marre the Rule, than mend their Fault. Wicked men will rather abhorre the Precepts, than forsake their Offences. Precepts will doe no Good against them ; and Iudgements but make them Worse.

*I will leaue them therefore to the Angels Iudgement; but indeed the Devils Precept: He that is filthy, let him bee filthy still.*

Mad? nay and Mad; and Mad againe. Who burnes not, starts not, frets not? Whose Eares tingle not, Eyes spaikle not, Ioynts tremble not?

*Oppression maketh a Wise man mad; said the Wise Man: Iniquitie (say all Good men) will make a Good*

D 5

Man

Man Mad. To heare,  
and see as I haue said,  
is enough to make Wife,  
or Good Men Melan-  
choly, Moued, Mad.  
It would make a Horse  
breake his Halter ; to  
see what Fiddling, Piping,  
Morrice-dancing, Hob-  
by-horsing in a May-  
game : but to repeat the  
Vanities, and Euills of  
Men ; is able to fret a  
Man out of his Wits.  
*It is not possible to looke  
here vpon others ; and  
yet be our Selues.*

Whether it come of  
a Melancholy, a Bloud,

a Choler; it makes me Sad-mad, Merry-Mad, Mad-Mad. See me sometimes bemoaning, deriding, and execrating their Iniquities. Any wayes in the world, to tell Men how I lament, scorn, abhor their Euils. While I bewaile the Weak, smile at the Vaine, detest the Wicked; am I so Sad, & Merry, & Mad.

Sad-Mad. Our *Sau-*  
*our* (pardon to the com-  
parison!) was ANGRY  
and GRIEVED toge-  
ther. The holy Pro-  
phets haue laid Athes  
on

on their Heads, put  
Sackcloth on their  
Loynes; smote their  
Thighes, and set their  
Eyes open, as flowing  
Fountaines, to gush out  
riuers of Teares; and all  
because of others Ini-  
quities. *This is one of our  
Perfections, to be touched  
with others Euils, as our  
owne. Better to bee grie-  
ued at, than guilty of ano-  
ther Mans Sinne. Not to  
irke anothers Euill; is as  
much, as to make it our  
owne. I shall doe no Man  
Wrong to bewaile his  
Wickednesse. Inced ask  
him*

him neither Leave, nor Pardon, to be sorry for him. It is a good fault; to afflict our selues, for others Faults.

Merry-mad. God but mockt the Man; **Be-**  
**told,** the Man is be-  
come as one of Us:  
And the Prophet, those  
Idolaters; Cry aloud,  
for he is a God &c.  
So the Wise-Man, the  
young Wanton; **Re-**  
**ioyce,** O young man,  
in thy youth, &c.  
And the Souldier, the  
Traitor;

Traitour ; Friend,  
wherefore art thou  
come ? And so the  
picture of Patience, his  
Cauilling Companions ;  
No doubt but yee  
are the People ; and  
wisdome shall die  
with you. An Ironie  
is not unbecoming Diui-  
nitie. It hath pleased the  
HOLY GHOST, to  
be thus faire pleasant in  
Speeck : as to haue the  
Words of Holy Writ  
Seasoned with Salt ;  
that so they might Ad-  
minister

*minister Grace vnto  
the Hearers : And  
especially, by a witty kind  
of deriding Rhetoricke.  
Moreouer, Holy Men,  
and Learned ; haue in  
Weighty Matters, both  
Answered, and Censured ;  
with a witty kinde of  
Mockage, and pleasant  
Disdaine. One askt Au-  
gustine, what God did,  
before he made Hea-  
uen, and Earth ? He an-  
swered well & wittily ;  
He made Hell, for such  
curious Inquisitors as  
himselfe. When *Julian*  
the*



the *Apostate*, demanded arrogantly, what the *Carpenters Sonne* was doing? The *Christians* answered aptly, and elegantly; He was making a *Coffin* for *Julian*. *Erasmus* (when he was asked what Offence *Luther* did?) prettily replied; Hee tooke away from the *Pope*, his Head; and from the *Monkes*, their Bellies. More might be said of Holy *Fathers*; much more of Wise *Philosophers*. One told a *King*, that he had his Eares in his Feet:

fish

sith hee heard not his  
Petition, till he had there  
prostrated himselfe. *A-*  
*nother* answered a *Phy-*  
*sician* ; Hee kept his  
Health, because he vsed  
him not. *Another* bad  
a *Bastard* (throwing  
stones amongst a  
Throng) take heed hee  
did not hit his Father  
Not almost an *Apo-*  
*strophe* of theirs ; but  
thus both witty, and  
weighty. Nor doe after-  
Wits come short of the  
other. *One* call'd the  
*Pope* a *Participle* ; be-  
cause hee takes part of  
the

the Clergy, and part of the Laity, without Mood and Tense; meaning, beyond Time; and Measure. Another askt the Pope, if euer he said the Lords Prayer, and those words therein; *Our Father, and Forgiue vs our Trespases*: Which if hee did, then was hee neither Holy Father, nor Father. How many might hee said of this sort? Wise men, and Good, haue wotedly said all against Euils; in this Gracefull kinde

inde of Reproaching.  
Mens Evils haue beene  
more easily, and profitably  
Derided, than Confuted.  
Euen these pleasant Dis-  
daines, haue oft prouid  
weighty Arguments a-  
gainst Iniquities. Now,  
say me not Light; If I  
would haue beene De-  
lightfull. I would not  
in words bee Churlish,  
nor Clownish: Nor  
haue I beene Scurrile,  
nor Illiberall. Haue I  
iested at Lawes, or Re-  
ligion? at the Persons,  
or Miseries of Men?  
Except against their Va-  
nities,

nitie, so ridiculous indeed; what haue I said, but soberly? *To haue beene aptly Facetious; bath added to the Gravity, and Senerity of Speech.* Whether in some Appellations, Descriptions, Transitions; what hath beene said, not so seriously: said I it only to make thee laugh? I were more than Mad, so to make thee laugh; as to make my selfe thy laughing-Stock. Where my Words may shew some Lightnesse; my Aime there hath this Weight:

Weight: My sober Deri-  
fon, my iust Disdaine;  
thy smoother Reprehensi-  
on, thy liberall Delight.

Mad-mad. I haue  
here said enough, not  
only to excuse mee for  
it: but (me thinkes) to  
incourage mee to it.  
Three speake Truth;  
one of which is the  
Mad-man. Thou maist  
say me Mad: but I speake  
the words of Sober-  
nesse, and Truth. The  
Truth is; I loue to strip,  
and whip Mens bo-  
some-Harlors before  
them: and let them  
plainly

plainly know themselves to be no better than they are. What should I parable it; with the Woman? *I am a Widow, mine Husband is dead, My Sonnes stroue together, &c.* These were but farre Fetches: I had rather point it, with the Prophet; *Thou art the Man*: this is plaine to the purpose. If I must speake against Vice; the vicious shall not teach mee what to say.

say. I should not say, as they were : should I say no other, than as they would. I will not aske counsell of them, to bewray their Counsels: but will make bold, after mine owne minde, to tell Men their Minds. Away with the fawning Curses, and toothlesse ; with the buzzing Beetles, and stinglese : Giue mee the Dogge that will bite home ; and the Waspe that will sting indeed. Take away the Tartnesse ( said a *Bold-Speaker*



ker, for the Freedom  
of his Speech) and Bit-  
ternesse from Worme-  
wood; and to loose  
both the Nature, and  
Name : Take away  
my Name too; if you  
barre me of my Bitter-  
nesse. *Let your speech*  
(said He) *bee seaso-*  
*ned with Salt*; tem-  
pered (he meant) with  
Discretion : Yea and  
(after him, say I) my  
Speech shall be seasoned  
with Salt; powdered (I  
meane) with Seueritie.  
Abstract the Acrimo-  
nie;

me ; and (in my Construction) *The Salt bath* lost the *Sauour*.

Loe ! (thou saist ) a very *Lamia* : The mad Hagge hath Eyes to put in, and plucke out at will. Hee puts his Eyes (as one of those ) in his Head, while he walkes Abroad : but keepes them in a Box, when he stayes at Home. So are we wont indeed, to haue *Lyncean Eyes* to Others : but are as blinde as *Moles* toward our Selues. True, and tis the property of an  
E Eye,

Eye, to see all, but it  
selfe. I confesse ; *Wee*  
*can sooner finde out others*  
*Faults ; than mend our*  
*owne*. But if I blame  
thee, with what my  
selfe am also Guilty of ;  
Thou shalt not need  
vpbraid mee with it : I  
shall now bee enough  
to reproach my selfe.  
If I be no other, than I  
say thou art : what my  
Tongue tels to thee, my  
Heart will not hide  
from me. What I but  
call thee once, will it  
tell mee twice. *Double*  
*is his both Guilt, and*  
*Blame;*

*Blame ; when the Fault  
rebuked by him, doth also  
redound vnto him. I sup-  
pose ( with Him ) thou  
maist say, and slander  
me ; Physitian, heale  
thy Selfe : I abhorre  
to heare from Him ;  
Thou which teachest  
Another ; teachest  
thou not thy selfe ?*

But (after mine owne  
Cure ) I here, am thy  
Physitian : and haue  
so dealt with Iniquities ;  
as doe such with Ma-  
ladies. See here thou  
E 2 maist,

manit, the Parties Affections, and their Affected Parts : together with their severall Signes, Grounds, Fruits, Causes, Cures. I have taken but Three Patients here in hand at once : and they more than I looke for Profit by ; more ( I feare me ) than I shall get Credit by. But Three, to the *Three Furies, or Madneses* ; whom I meane to match against them. Three shall bee all at once ; since Three once were all : *All that is in the*

*the World (is but  
Three) the lust of the  
Flesh, the lust of the  
Eyes, and the Pride  
of Life.*

One thing is; & I would  
thee note it : I haue  
applyed it as a soueraign  
Remedy, against what-  
soever Malady : Con-  
cluding still with a Me-  
ditation of Mortalitie,  
and Death. *Nothing  
makes a Man more irke  
his Euill, than to thinke on  
his End. He that thinkes  
what he shall then be; will*

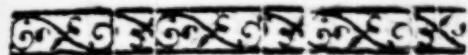
hee wary what hee now  
doth. Sinne was the only  
meanes, that brought a  
Man to Death: but Death  
is thus the only meanes,  
to keepe a Man from Sin.  
He aimed aright; Re-  
member the End,  
(said he) and thou shalt  
neuer doe amisse.  
To meditate on Death, is  
as a Curbe against all sin-  
full Courses: and a Spurre  
pricking on to pious Du-  
ties. Pricke the wandring  
Snaile but with the ME-  
MENTO of Deaths  
Dart; and hee straight  
retires

*retires into his Shell : Let the Pilot sit close in the End of the Ship ; and hee now gouernes it aright. To haue Death before his Eyes ; is the ready way, to haue God before his Eyes. He easily contemnes what is Present, and Passing away : that considers what is Euerlasting, and to Come.*

I haue no more (nor needed I so much ) to say for my Selfe : Only, against Thee (if thou be of them) haue I yet more. All the Curled Cruc ; Men of the  
E 4 World,



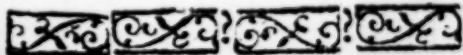
World, Sons of *Belial*,  
Children of Darknesse,  
Impes of Confusion,  
Limbes of *Satan*, Fire-  
brands of Hell : Ile tell  
them All my minde, as  
I meet them. Ile take  
them, where I finde  
them: And say no more  
to thee ; till I see thee  
there.



**I**'M Mad, say Most;  
 That most are mad, and worse;  
 I say mee so;  
 'Cause I see them no other.  
 They make mee Moane,  
 Sigh, Smile, Scorne, Rage, and Curse.  
 Nor I my Fennur;  
 Nor their Faults can smother.  
 How can I helpe it;  
 That am made so Mad?  
 Tis Thou must mend it;  
 That hast beene so Bad.



**B**oth Wise, and Good,  
 Will warrant mee my Madnesse;  
 Themselves haue likewise  
 More than mended bin:  
 Will either such  
 (Wise, Good) be for thy Badnesse?  
 Euen they that worke ill,  
 Will speake ill of Sinne.  
 How can I helpe it;  
 That am made so Mad?  
 Tis Thou must mend it;  
 That hast beene so Bad.



Thy sore Mishaps  
 I Moane ; I Sigh, to see  
 Such Errours Fraile ;  
 Smile, to behold thy Fashions  
 Both fond, and vaine ;  
 Scorne thy Iniquitie ;  
 Rage, at thy Rudenesse ;  
 Curse thy Abominations.  
 How can I helpe it ;  
 That am made so Mad ?  
 Tis Thou must mend it ;  
 That hast beene so Bad.

The

*The Proud.*



Oe to then ;  
 and whats He?  
 I haue seene  
 the Man but of late ;  
 and how suddenly is  
 he altered ? *True Em-*  
*bleme of his owne Mu-*  
*tabilitie ! Hee shewes it,*  
*but he heeds it not.* To  
 Day hath chang'd him  
 from Yesterday, both in  
 Face, and Fashion : Nor  
 shall you see him the  
 Same to Morrow, that  
 he is to Day. The Man  
 seemes

seemes but as he is ; a  
very Changeling. Nay  
he so adapts his Hu-  
mour also to his Habit;  
that you shall neuer  
take him, but in as ma-  
ny Minds, as Suits. How  
he grudges at the stin-  
ted Course of Nature,  
as but piggardly ; that  
at first allotted him but  
one Face and Skinne,  
and Bulke, and Shape :  
but admires the Liberall  
Inuention of Art ; that  
can still so trimly, and  
newly proportion him.  
He thinkes himselfe (I  
warrant him ) a farre  
comelyer

comelyer Creature of a  
 Taylors shaping, than  
 of Gods making. As the  
 one therefore he shames  
 to be seene : but as the  
 other, hee glories to  
 shew himselfe. He is one  
 of A D A M S owne  
 Sonnes, and hath it by  
 Kinde to blush at his  
 bare Selfe. *Ah! we could  
 not thus irke our selues,  
 were not our selues con-  
 scious of something other  
 than good : Wee see some  
 uglinesse, which wee  
 would haue none to see.  
 Had we not defaced the  
 Image of God in vs, we  
 had.*

*had neuer bin ashamed to let it haue bin seene. Truth desires to be seene naked, as she is : And the Purest things abhor to be couered, or coloured. Painted Walls, painted Sepulchres, you conceiue what they are beside their Painting.*

*Oh but (I see) he hath quite altered the Fashion; and hath made him a new kinde of Catch-credit, of his old Couer-shame. His slightly Ornament, hee counts it ; which was once but his Fore-Fathers beggarly Shift. Ab ! that Men*

Men can now glory in that  
*Superfluity* ; whose *ve-*  
*ry Necessitie* was but the  
*Badge and Liuey of their*  
*Shame.* We know, twas  
 A D A M S Shame, that  
 he was so driuen to  
 haue them : And wee  
 thinke it our shame,  
 when we are so driuen,  
 that we haue them not.  
 He is not (I see by him)  
 a little proud of him-  
 selfe : now beclad in a  
 varnisht Excrement ; &  
 so bedawbd in a glitte-  
 ring Rubbish. *Who*  
*thinkes himselfe the bet-*  
*ter Man, for what he is*  
*glad*



*glad to borrow of Beasts,  
and Earth? Is hee the  
more Man, for what they  
( before him ) were not  
the lesse Bruits, & Dung?  
See see! A Sheepe in a  
golden Fleece: Howso-  
euer hee thinkes of his  
Fleece; I will thinke  
him but a Sheepe. Hee  
prances most statelily in  
his gay Trappings. But  
I would be loth to buy,  
or vse an Horle, that is  
only so valued. It is for  
him to prize a faire Out-  
side; that knowes, nor  
bath nothing within, wor-  
thy more esteeme. How  
curiously*

curiously hee glances  
vpon himselte ? Hee  
thinkes, hee is for other  
eyes than his owne, to  
be so broadly gazed at.  
Why cringes he so to his  
Coat ? vnlesse he would  
in good earnest, which  
the Philosopher did in  
iest ; *Honour that, that  
honours him. Bucephalus*  
is now royally trapt,  
and flings at all but  
*Alexander* himselte: dis-  
barbe but the Iade, and  
euery Stable-Groome  
may bestride him. *Many  
Men as Proud to seeme  
what they are not: It only  
debases*

debases them to be seene,  
and knowne what they  
are. The Asse carries  
painted and polished Isis  
vpon his backe ; and  
(Lord ! ) how the Vu-  
gar Worship him ? A  
wise man will iudge of the  
Tree, by the Fruit, or  
Bulke : he is a Foole that  
doth value it by the  
Barke, or Huske.

A proper Squire hee  
seemes neere at hand ;  
and (you marke him )  
well dight vp. Beside a  
spruce shape, and gay  
Glosse hee hath about  
him ; see what a lofty  
Port,

Port, and Gesture hee  
carries with him. Hee  
stalkes on in state : I  
should say, he marches  
most maiestickly. All  
his Pace is Measures;  
and his Hands accor-  
dingly keepe Time, to  
the Tune of his Feet.  
His Beuer cocks, Fea-  
ther waggs, Locks ho-  
uer, and Beard stands in  
print ; his Band spre-  
ding (like a Net) about  
his necke, his Cloake  
displayd (as a Flagge)  
vpon his arme, his Dou-  
blet hanging by Gim-  
mers vpon his shoul-  
ders,

ders, and his Breeches  
button'd about him:  
His Boots ruffle, Spurs  
gingle, and his long Ra-  
pier (which he is often  
tied to) confronts him  
at the hilt; and toward  
the point, answers his  
heelles with a grace.  
What a Supercilious  
Looke he hath? I war-  
rant you, the very blast  
or sound of his Speech,  
would make you start.  
How he reares in the  
Necke, struts at the Sto-  
macke, and traces with  
his Armes a kemboll:  
he trips with his Toes  
on

on the Earth; & waues  
his Hand, as hee would  
touch the heauens with  
his Finger. He hath one  
part and propertie of a  
Man, which is, to looke  
vpwards. Hee thinks  
this same doth preferre  
him with Reasonables,  
when we know it doth  
but distinguish him  
from Bruits. Heele set  
his Leggs vpon the Last,  
rather than lose an inch  
of his height: I will say  
one good word for him;  
and tis the best I know  
by him: Than this Man  
in his way, no man  
walkes

walkes more vprightly  
Marke how he heaues  
as though hee almost  
scorn'd to tread : Hee  
casts vp his Nose into  
the Wind, looks beyond  
the Clouds, mantles  
against the Moone, and  
busies himsele wholly  
to build Castles in the  
Aire. What an Alder-  
mans pace hee comes?  
Hee prolongs the Pa-  
geant for the Beholders  
take ; and hurries not  
on too hastily, lest most  
Eyes finde no leisure to  
looke vpon him. See see  
he stops and turnes in  
the

the mid way, at but the apprehension of a lost labour. Oh doe him not the wrong to looke beside him : for if you see him not, hee comes by to no purpose. *The Proud man is not more haughty in his owne, than ridiculous in a wise mans eyes : whereas others looke at him, hee lookes thorow him ; and sees plainly the vanitie of his Minde, in that bodily shaping : Hee but smiles at that Carriage of his, which others learne : And thinkes, what Folly there is*



is in Pride, that fainest to  
it selfe, as it would ; and  
flatters it selfe, as it hath  
fained. Hee tels her, his  
eyes are purer, than her  
painted glory can dazle :  
nor are they stinted to  
behold that only, which  
shee would haue him see.  
Hee cals her the Ape of  
Nations, and Fashion-  
monger of the World :  
and tels her plainly, shee  
hath more Followers of  
her Fashions, than are  
either Wise, or Good.

Doe you heare Sir ?  
Surely his cares are ta-  
ken vp to listen only to  
his

his owne fantasticke  
Suggestions. Hee is  
wholly busied about  
himselfe: and heeds not  
others, while he thinkes  
others cannot choose  
but heed him. At him  
once more: I pray you  
Sir——Now he squints  
at mee ouer the left  
shoulder, as though he  
deemd mee at a glance,  
scarce worth the most  
carelesse peece of his no-  
tice. Perhaps hee likes  
not the fashion of my  
phrase, tis too homely  
for his quaint relish;  
and sounds not corre-

F      spon-

spondent to the scraping of his whole acquaintance. I am not wonted to the fine Flourishes of his Fashionall Rhetoricke. Hee would haue heard mee sooner, had I bespoken him in his owne Dialect; which hee heeds most, and best vnderstands. I had forgot to thinke on some curious Complement, and refined Salute: which himselfe hath so often used, that he hath them at his Tongues end, and there only. Now I remember  
mee,

me, I haue a whole Method of them lying by me ; which he gathered but by Fragments, and so he utters them. Saue you noble Sir ; How fares your Body ? You are fortunately met ; I congratulate your happy Fortunes ; Sir I honour you ; Would I might doe you any Office ; I thinke me happy in your Noble Society ; I desire your more Acquaintance ; I embrace your loue with both armes ; I kisse your hands ; I a-

dore your worth, I re-  
uerence your shadow;  
Sweet Sir rauish me  
with your Presence;  
blesse me (Kinde Sir)  
by your Fauour. Oh Sir  
your Seruant; Pray  
Sir command mee;  
That I were but worthy  
to obserue you; Would  
I might haue enioyed  
your good company;  
Happinesse attend you;  
my Seruice wait vpon  
you. *Vaine Verbalists!*  
whose words are but  
wind; uttered, and en-  
ded in themselves: Light-  
ly occasioned, and as lit-  
tle

tle intended. God gaue  
you your Tongues, to vse  
them seriously; not to dal-  
ly with so deceitfully. Na-  
ture hath taught you the  
faculty of Speech, to tell  
each others your minds,  
and hearts: But you haue  
coyn'd, and con'd your  
words of Art, to discourse,  
and dissemble with. Your  
words of Course, and  
Complement; gaine  
you as little Heed, and  
Repose from others: as  
they haue Truth, or In-  
tention in your selues.  
You thinke you haue  
learnt to speake with a  
F 3 grace;

grace ; and talke in a  
certaine royalty of  
Speech : When ( alas ) it  
is the Vanity onely that is  
openly heard, and secretly  
smiled at.

I am your poore  
Friend Sir, doe you  
know mee ? Not ? Hee  
hath but said, as I  
thought. A proud Man  
remembers not another ;  
because he hath forgotten  
himselfe. Yet ( if I mi-  
stake him not ) hee so  
loues himselfe, whom  
he knowes not ; that he  
almost hates all others,  
whom he knowes. He  
enues

ennuis his Superiour,  
neglects his Equalls,  
delpises his Interiour.  
And for these last, hee  
neither endures to take  
notice of them; nor  
that they should make  
acquaintance with him  
Hee hath heard, *Fa-  
miliaritie brings Con-  
tempt*: he therefore con-  
temnes all kinde of Fa-  
miliarity. So does hee  
glory in what hee is;  
that than of what hee  
was, hee is of nothing  
more ashamed. Hee  
thinks himselfe a good-  
ly Branch, and noble;



but irkes to thinke on  
the vile and base Stocke  
he grew vpon. Nothing  
can more disgrace him,  
than if his poore Father  
should meet him, and  
owne him in the Streets:  
And he blushes sooner  
at the meanenesse of his  
Kinsfolks, than at their  
Mildemeanours. Who  
so Proud as hee, than  
whom none more base?  
The Begger on horse-  
backe, is altogether for  
the lofty pace. Wretches  
alwayes wax most inso-  
lent, Cowards rigorous,  
and Peasants haughty.

If

If he get once to thinke  
better of himselfe, bee  
therefore thinkes worse  
of all: He conceits others  
under him; because hee  
is now rapt aboue him-  
selfe.

Tis true I tell you.  
You know not mee  
whom you scorne; you  
I both know, and pity.  
Your Name (I take it)  
is Sir Hugh Heart,  
A man of an High De-  
scent: Your Great  
Grand-Father (I re-  
member) came tum-  
bling downe from  
Heaven. He (let me say

F s he

by the way) fell iustly,  
that was too Proud, to  
stand vprightly. And  
you his Generation,  
like Monsters, you fling  
Mountains vpon heaps;  
Yea like Fooles in a  
Confusion, you build  
you Babels so high;  
as though you would  
reach, and dare Him;  
against whom your  
first Father once aspi-  
red. I easily obserue,  
The Proud Man and the  
Deuill conspire in one  
presumptuous Fault: it  
therefore is, hee ha-  
zards with him the like  
despe-

*desperate Fall.*

Nay scowle not, stare  
not, stampe not, sweare  
not; keep in your threat-  
ning Words, & Weapon.  
Galled Consciences kicke  
(like lades) when their  
Sores are touched: Giue  
me leaue a little. My  
Challenge is to ano-  
ther, and better Fray:  
where the Conque-  
rour and Vanquished  
may part friendly, with  
Safety and Glory on  
both sides. Nor is it a  
single Duell I summon  
and prouoke thee to;  
but a let Battell. I can  
both

both number thy  
Forces; and order mine  
owne. Dildaine pro-  
vokes your Warre, and  
selfe-conceit maintains  
it; Rashnesse musters  
vp, and pride leads out  
your Bands; Vain-glo-  
ry blowes your Trum-  
per, and Insolence is hot  
vpon the Skirmish: But,  
Humility gives me the  
safer Ground, Gravity  
ranks my Troopes,  
Modesty beats vp my  
Drumme, Meeknesse  
receiues the Onset, and  
Patience gets the Victo-  
ry. We yeeld a while,  
and

and you forth with  
found an Alarum. Your  
feather-flanting Braua-  
does are at length but a  
blast before our Wea-  
ther-beaten Souldiers :  
and who now sounds  
Retrait : Pride is vn-  
horst by Humility, Gra-  
uity hath given Rath-  
nesse the foyle, Modesty  
hath stoppt the mouth  
of Vain-glory, Meek-  
nesse hath coold the  
courage of Dildaine,  
Insolence is pinioned  
by Patience, and Selte-  
conceit hath taken heels  
and is ruunc away from  
thee.

thee. Thy Souldiers are thus put to sword, and flight : and loe ( as I said ) safety, and glory on both sides ! O a base Commander thou art now become an honourable Captiue : Nor are we otherwise proud of the conquest ; than that thou art hūbled in the Foyle. We haue spoiled thy Forces, because they were thine ; thee haue we spared, because thou now art ours : March on wi'h vs to the fairest Marke in our Field, true Peace and Liberty.

Liberty. Had thine been  
the day; we could but  
haue died honestly :  
thou maist liue honou-  
rably, now it is ours.  
To embrace an happy,  
and lasting league, is  
needfull for thee, and  
for vs expedient : sith  
thou hast the Benefit,  
and we the Credit of the  
victory. Only thou  
shalt confesse, and re-  
ioyce; the Warre was  
most iustly begunne,  
and as happily ended.  
Happy is hee, whom Ver-  
tue hauing conquered,  
hath made her Captiue,  
Tributary,



Tributary, Subiect, Ser-  
uant. There is no shame  
where she foyles; where  
she spoyles there is no losse.  
She strives not with vs,  
but for our good; nor are  
wee hurt, but in her re-  
pulse.

How answerest thou  
my Challenge? Enter  
Lists accordingly, and  
thou shalt finde I have  
prophefied the num-  
ber, order, and event of  
a Myfticall Pſeuchomachie.  
What needs  
all this (thou ſaiſt) be-  
twixt vs? Thou haſt  
euer profest thee a  
Friend

Friend to those on my  
side ; nor hast thou en-  
tertained the other to  
thee. In plaine termes  
( so easily thou canst  
excuse it ) Thou ne-  
uer knew'st what  
Pride was ; nor yet  
canst thou tell how to  
be Proud. No Man  
hath beene so vicious,  
but that he hath made  
Vertue his profession.  
Euen the most dissolute  
will not owne their  
Vices : but will yet  
vsurpe a name from the  
former, howeuer the  
latter bee their practice.

*Neuer*

Neuer man was so proud,  
as to thinke him/elfe so :  
That Pride were more  
abominable than was  
Lucifers, that could be  
proud of it selfe. But  
listen, and Ile teach thee  
how to know thy selfe :  
Giue care awhile to thy  
selfe ; I'le describe thee  
a Man so like thee in all  
points and proporti-  
ons : as that hee that  
sees you together, must  
put on his Spectacles,  
and view all things  
double, that takes you  
for two.

A Proud Man is one  
that

that climbs the wrong way to ascend thither; from whence his Father fell. Is his owne N A R C I S S U S, and all Mens T I M O N : hating others, and enamoured of himselfe. One that esteemes himselfe in a Contempt of others : or contemnes others in his owne Esteeme; you cannot say whether first, or more. Many a thing doth hee contemne in another, and yet admires it in himselfe. He wonders at what hee hath, & boasts of more.

He

He reckons his Chickens before they be hatcht ; and all his Geese are Swans. He growes as bigge as a Mountaine, though he bring forth but a Mouſe : and as ſoone as he hath laid, he Cackles. He boastes of thoſe parts of his ; wherein many Beasts excell him, and ſay nothing. The little he hath ſo dazles him, that he ſees not what a deale he wants. His vices he puts in the backe part, but his Vertues in the fore part of

H the

the Wallet. Then he  
soone forgets, these hee  
oft repeats. Swan-like,  
he carries a stiffe necke  
ouer his white Feathers;  
but sees not that his  
feet are blacke. Others  
Faults, and his owne  
Parts are still before  
him: and thus while he  
compares, he cannot  
but preferre himselfe.  
Because he is somewhat  
better than the worst;  
he thinkes him now as  
good as the best. Hee  
hath so many Inferi-  
ours, that he thinkes  
no man his Superiour.  
Whereas

Whereas others are to  
others; this Man is a  
Hypocrite to himselfe.  
For he seemes to him-  
selfe, what hee is not,  
and if he be any thing  
so, yet he thinkes him-  
more than he is. He pro-  
mises such things to  
himselfe, which nei-  
ther are, nor are like to  
bee: and busies, yet  
pleases himselfe (for the  
while) in his fained  
Conceit, as in the reall  
Fruition. Touching  
himselfe, he subiects  
his Opinions to no  
Mans: and in anothers

Cen-

Centure, he yeelds to  
none before himselfe.  
His Matter, or anothers;  
he examines it in the  
ballance of his owne  
Iudgement; and is as  
impatient to remit it, as  
to haue it contradicted.  
He takes Chalke, and  
a Coale in hand: and  
his White, or Blacke  
must stand. The Good  
Deeds he doth (as the  
Wrongs that are done  
him) he still remembers  
He casts to meet the  
benefited Party in the  
Street, or a Throng;  
and there lookes for ac-  
know-



knowledge: And if it be so old, or were so slender, that he hath now forgot it; he yet takes occasion by the by, to put him in mind of it. He smiles to heare his owne praise in anothers mouth; and yet so minces thereat, as though he would seem to blush: But at length is content to yeeld to others Sooth-sayings, before the Testimony of his owne Conscience: and easily perswades him to bee as they say; though they  
say

say nothing so as he is.  
*All Men are Lyers ; and  
the Proud man most of  
all : for ( at once ) hee  
transgresses the bounds  
of Modesty, and Truth:  
For while his owne  
Suggestion makes him  
talke so largely ; your  
owne Suspicion cannot  
thinke he sayes truly.  
Theres not an ill man  
hates his Fellow, this  
Man only excepted. A  
Drunkard accompa-  
nies a Drunkard ; a  
Whoremonger embrac-  
es a Whoremonger ; a  
Theefe shakes hands  
G with*

with a Theefe : one  
Proud man only abides  
not another : One Tree  
is not taken notice of,  
where the whole Wood  
reaches to the same  
height and growth.  
The Proud Man should  
not be notorious him-  
selfe, could he suffer o-  
thers to be as himselfe.  
Loue and Kings ( they  
say ) will no Corriuals :  
nor can Pride ( which  
is the Loue of a mans  
selfe, and King of other  
euils ) endure an equall.  
P O M P E Y will no  
Mate, C A E S A R will  
no

no Matter. *That Euill*  
*must needs exceed all,*  
*that cannot endure ano-*  
*ther (should match it.*  
Hee steps first into the  
Roome, and sits him in  
the vpper Chaire ; and  
(after some pausing, and  
gazing ) roles his Head  
vpon his Elbow ; and  
conceits with what a  
grace hee nods toward  
you, speakes to you,  
whispers with you,  
smiles vpon you. Not a  
Motion of his, not a Fa-  
culty, which smels not  
of Affectation. Not so  
much but he Sits, and

Spits with a grace ; and  
so he Walks, and Talks.  
He speaks neuer but  
with a noise ; and al-  
wayes laughs with a  
kind of Derision: Com-  
mands also with Arro-  
gance, and rebukes with  
Disdaine. He talkes all  
with Interrogations ; as  
though his words were  
of Authority to questi-  
on euery thing. That  
you enter his Thre-  
shold, is more than a  
common courtesie; but  
that you approach his  
Presence, is a great  
vouchsafement. What  
shall

Shall I call him ? A  
THRASO, a POLY-  
PHEMVS ? To whom  
shall I liken him ? To  
MAXIMINVS, that  
made his Senatours  
kisse his feet ? to DO-  
MITIAN, that would  
be stiled a God ? or to  
those diuers POPES,  
that were guilty of both ?  
or to LVCIFER, the  
Father of themall ? To  
what shall I compare  
him ? But to a Cocke,  
that claps, and crowes  
vpon his owne Dung-  
hill ; a Peacocke that  
ruffles in his owne Fea-  
thers;

thers ; a Toad that  
swels with his owne  
poison ; an Asse that  
hath gotten on a Lions  
skinne, and now he is a  
Companion for none,  
but such as he seemes ;  
an Ape that is enamou-  
red of his own and vgly  
Puppets : a Chameleon  
that gapes after the Aire ;  
a Bladder full of Wind ;  
a shallow Riuer, and  
bubbling ; an empty  
Caske, and sounding ;  
an addle Egge, and  
swimming ; a Thinne  
Eare, and blasted, that  
out-tops the fat and full  
Corne ;

Corne; a Cypresse Tree,  
that hath faire Leaues,  
but no fruit; a Wine-  
Bush, that neuer beto-  
kened good liquor; a  
disordered Member,  
swoln so bigge through  
its owne Corruption.  
Haue I now pourtray-  
ed thee in thy proper  
colours? This Glasse re-  
flects on none beside  
thee: Tis (me thinkes)  
thy liuely resemblance;  
looke here how thou  
lik'st thy selfe. For me,  
I would be loth (like  
the Painter) to fall in  
loue with thee, by the  
G 4 draught



draught of thy picture.

Tush! I know thee,  
and all thy Kinne; and  
haue been but too much  
acquainted with all of  
thine acquaintance.  
That old *Gripe-good*,  
that por'd so long in the  
Dunghill; was the first  
that rais'd you al thence,  
and now made you  
looke so high. He vn-  
derualue'd himselfe to  
that, which now makes  
you oueralue your  
selues. It was he, left  
you that which made  
you Lords: and you  
haue purchas't this, to  
thinke

thinke you so. But Ile  
tell thee ; thou hast a  
faire House, and thinkst  
it a very Heauen to ma-  
ny Houells : step but  
from thine owne Gates,  
and see how others  
build more and greater  
BABELS for their Ho-  
nour. Thou canst walke  
so farre and wide on  
thine owne Ground,  
that thou thinkst euery  
Passenger must needs  
trespasse vpon thee :  
Take but the Map, and  
shew me in what part  
of the World thy Land  
lies. Thy Bagges strut  
G s with

with a refined and im-  
printed Earth, and that  
so swels thee : so did it  
not the Earth , that  
might haue said before  
thee, these are Mine.  
These Things make thee  
seeme a Great Man  
within thy selfe : Silly  
Grigge ! come out of  
thy Pond and Mud ;  
and thou shalt meet  
with ouergrowne Con-  
gers in the Sea. *Pride is*  
*called the Worme of*  
*Riches: It is the ranknesse*  
*of this Weed, to produce*  
*such a Vermin.* If a Man  
can but once get to bee  
Wealthy,

*Wealthy, he soone learnes  
to be Haughty : So hard  
it is for him not to be puf-  
fed vp, that is so cram-  
bed vp. He knew the dif-  
ficulty, that gaue the Ca-  
ueat : Charge them  
that are rich in this  
World, that they be  
not high minded.*

Not know my Lady  
Goe-gay, the sprucest  
Dame in City, or Court?  
Her father was frugall,  
forgetting he was Cæ-  
sar : but shee flaunts it  
out, remembering she  
is Cæsars daughter.  
Me

Me thinkes I now see  
her, as I saw her last ;  
how trimly deckt in her  
purple and fine linnen.  
Shee ware vpon her  
backe, to what shee  
neuer laid her hands.  
Earth, and Wormes,  
and Beasts, and Nati-  
ons, these are, and liue,  
and labour, for what  
she soyles, and reares,  
and spends : Their Ex-  
crement, and Sweat,  
take care to prouide  
her, what shee scarce  
takes paines to put on.  
The good Huswife and  
applauded, *seeketh*  
*Wooll,*

*Wooll, and Flax ;  
 she layeth her hands  
 to the Spindle, and  
 her hands touch the  
 Distaffe : and so  
 cloaths both her, and  
 her household. Out vp-  
 on these home-spunne  
 Threeds ! These signe  
 like Habit, like Condi-  
 tion: Farre fetcht, and  
 deare bought are for  
 our Ladies. One Coun-  
 try and Nation must  
 breed, another kemb,  
 another spinne, ano-  
 ther weate, another  
 dresse,*

Me thinkes I now see  
her, as I saw her last ;  
how trimly deckt in her  
purple and fine linnen.  
Shee ware vpon her  
backe, to what shee  
neuer laid her hands.  
Earth, and Wormes,  
and Beasts, and Nati-  
ons, these are, and liue,  
and labour, for what  
she soyles, and reares,  
and spends : Their Ex-  
crement, and Sweat,  
take care to provide  
her, what shee scarce  
takes paines to put on.  
The good Huswife and  
applauded, *seeketh*  
*Wooll,*

*Wooll, and Flax ;  
 she layeth her hands  
 to the Spindle, and  
 her hands touch the  
 Distaffe : and so  
 cloaths both her, and  
 her houthold. Out vp-  
 on these home-spunne  
 Threeds ! These signe  
 like Habit, like Condi-  
 tion: Farre fetcht, and  
 deare bought are for  
 our Ladies. One Coun-  
 try and Nation must  
 breed, another kemb,  
 another spinne, ano-  
 ther weate, another  
 dresse,*



dress, another shape  
out, and another trim  
up their wearings. Alas  
weake Creatures ! they  
see not their Beggerie in  
these sundry Borrowings:  
nor mind how fraile a Car-  
kasse and vile, is shrou-  
ded under so gorgeous  
Happings. Womens sup-  
plimentall Art, does but  
the rather bewray Na-  
tures Defects. Perfu-  
ming, Painting, Star-  
ching, Decking, these make  
some Annoyance, and Un-  
comelinesse, though lesse  
apparant, yet more suspe-  
cted. Wee gaze with  
greedi-

greedinesse and delight  
 upon a curious and glori-  
 ous Sepulchre ; and yet  
 notwithstanding we con-  
 ceive and abhorre what is  
 within. Methought she  
 bare her' Selfe so nicely  
 and demurely, as though  
 her Body had beene  
 starcht & gumm'd ac-  
 cording to her Cloaths.  
 Perhaps ( shee carries  
 them so answerably )  
 shee tooke aime by her  
 Glasse at once, to set  
 both her Vesture, and  
 Gesture in the right Fa-  
 shion. *Ab their silly Fol-  
 ly ! that Metamorphize  
 Nature*

Nature into Art : and carry themselves more like Pictures, than like Creatures. Oh blot not out the lovely Image of God; in faining, and framing so vaine a shaping to yourselfes ! How she glittered ( Forehead, Eares, Bosome, Wrists, and Fingers ) in her Gems, Jewels, Bracelets, and Rings ? She likened her Lustre to the Moone, and Stars; and thought her lesse clay, when so bedaubed with a polished Rubbish. Who might then prize her Worth,

Worth, that bare many  
Good Mens Estates  
vpon her little Finger?  
Shee little considered,  
how many Fingers  
were worne, and wea-  
ried; to make that one  
Finger shine. *This is not  
only one of our Vanities,  
but one of our Superstiti-  
ons; That we can (against  
our Reason, and Know-  
ledge) beleue that the  
whole substance of a great  
Patrimony, may be va-  
luably transubstantiated  
into the Quantity of a  
little Stone. Gemmes,  
what are they, but Gums;*  
or

or the accretions, or congelations of brighter Water and Earth? They come but from a more subtle compacted Sulphur and Mercury: and yet we thinke the very Heavens concurred with the Earth to their commixtion; and so the Sunne leste part of his shining in them. Meere notionall is their value; which is in the Opinion, not in the Thing: They are worth nothing, only if you can but thinke them so. The Merchants Adventure hath transported them,  
the

The Lapidaries Craft hath  
polished them, the vaine  
Mans Credulity hath  
esteemed them, and the  
Rich Mans Superflui-  
tie hath enhaunced them.  
These be but rich Mens  
gawdy Trifles ; as the  
painted Gew-gawes bee  
for their children.

CHRIST is not put on  
with these Toyes, and  
Ragges. It is for such  
as wax wanton against  
CHRIST ; to fashion  
themselves according to  
this World : For Godly  
Matrons, the old Fashion  
is

*is best ; Modest  
apparell, with shame-  
fastnesse and Sobrie-  
tie ; not with broide-  
red haire, or gold,  
or pearles, or costly  
aray.*

Who, *Sir Lofty-lookes*  
the Courtier ? I saw him  
tother day in his golden  
Fetters : and heard him  
make great boast of ( me  
thought ) but a glori-  
ous Miseric. Hee hath  
gotten ( he thinkes ) to  
bee more happie than  
he

he was ; and hath quite forgotten what he was. Fortune hath exalted him, and how he exalts himselfe ? Cleane contrary to the Rule ; the Man thinkes his Place hath graced him : and looks chiefly to be obserued according to his place. He is growne to be better clad than his Master ; yea and beares an higher minde. *It is hard to be chaste in company with a Woman, to bee sober at a Banquet, to be patient in a Fray : as hard to be humble in the*



*the midst of new heaped  
Honours, & Preferments.  
How rarely doth he stoop  
so low ; that so suddenly is  
rapt so high ? Like a  
Moth, or Rat of the Pa-  
lace ; hee hath oft and  
much inquired after this  
mans Life, that mans  
Office, the other mans  
Estate : and (after long,  
and earnest gaping)  
some, or all these are  
fallen into his mouth.  
And now hee hath  
climb'd so high on a  
sudden, that you would  
wonder hee wrought  
not himselfe out of  
breath.*

breath. To say all of  
such an one, in summe:  
*Many hee scornes, his*  
*Inferiours; Hee enuies*  
*Many, his Fellowes: One*  
*besoothes, his Lord; One*  
*beloues, Himselfe.*

But what of *Captaine*  
*Scape-skarre*? How hee  
stalkes vp and downe  
the streets in his Sha-  
moyle, and a Trun-  
cheon; that neuer ware  
an Harneffe, nor scarce  
can wield a Sword. O  
but take heed how you  
wrong him! Hee hath  
more Badges of his Art  
and Valour about him;  
then

then a side Belt, or a  
Buffe Coat. Haue you  
not heard of his Wounds  
and Skarres, so many  
haue beene told of? He  
bids you see the Gash he  
gat in his Forehead; and  
feele the Bullet, that lies  
in his Calfe: and you  
must now thinke how  
hee then hazarded;  
whereas (perhaps) hee  
gat the one as he look't  
backe, the other as hee  
ran away. It is a maruell  
he tells you not, how he  
stood like a Giant amidst  
the Pigmies: how with  
the blast of his first  
Volley,

Volley, he made the  
 Enemy quake like  
 leaues; made them flie  
 like Feathers; and scat-  
 tered them like dust be-  
 fore the Wind. And you  
 must now beleeue him;  
 or else you doe him the  
 dishonour, as if you  
 should either gainsay, or  
 disproue him. He tels you  
 what a monstrous leape  
 he tooke when he was  
 last in *Rhodes*: and if  
 you will be pleased (for  
 experience sake) to sup-  
 pose the Place where he  
 is, to be *Rhodes*; he will  
 also giue you leaue to  
 H suppose

suppose the Leape. Soldiers ( bee they the most valiant and fortunate, that ever lifted hand or foot, for God, and their Country ) lose so much of their glory ; by how much their owne mouths are the Trumpets of their Victorie. Modesty is not lesse noble in a Warriour, than is valour. If he haue taken the City, let his works praise him in the Gate ; not his words only, when hee hath now got the Towne vpon his backe. He hath wonne the Field ; perhaps with a greater losse.

losse: and why boasts hee  
of a Prize, when all is too  
little to make amends?  
How sayes he, his Ene-  
mie is vanquished; when  
his owne are not recou-  
red? The Day is his; it  
might haue beene the Ad-  
uersaries: and why in-  
sults he, where he might  
haue couched? With what  
Glory can he boast, where  
he might haue complained  
with shame enough?

Ah but theres One  
of you { beleeue me, I  
could both loue, and  
honour him; did he not  
saue me that labour, in  
H 2 doing

doing the Office to  
himselfe) No matter for  
his Name ; You may  
think he is a noted Man.  
The Man hath good  
Parts and Gifts in him ;  
you need not tell him  
so, he knowes it well  
enough : you should  
take him for a Beast,  
should you thinke him  
ignorant of his owne  
Strength : He can doe  
well ; yea, and he thinks  
as well of what he can  
doe. *As it was not ill for*  
*Moses that his Face*  
*shone, and the People*  
*saw it, though himselfe*  
*knew*

knew it not : So were it  
well for vs, did our light  
shine before Men, that  
they might see our good  
workes, and we our selues  
ignorant to boast it.  
The Harpe sounds no lesse  
sweetly, though it hear  
not it selfe : Our good  
Parts would bee no lesse  
laudable, though our selues  
tooke no notice of them. It  
is both safe and profitable  
vnto vs, that our selues  
haue beene ignorant of  
our Gifts. How vsuall is  
it, to forestall our best  
Parts, with a fore Con-  
ceit ? Many men might



*in time haue beene both Good, and Wise; had they not as yet thought them so. This hinders the Perfection of Good Parts, when we thinke we haue attained them so soone. God, and Nature haue done faire for him, and hees now not a little proud of himselfe. This hath God done for him, he hath wrought Good out of Euill: this hath he done vnto himselfe, he hath wrought Euill out of Good. Tis strange how Vice here buds from Vertue. Whereas*

Whereas other Vices are  
in the Euill; our Pride on-  
ly is in the Good we haue:  
Other Euils openly shew  
the Worst ; this Euill tre-  
cherously spoyles the Best  
we doe. This is the craft  
and subtilty of the Deuill,  
that when he cannot at  
first preuent our Good  
Deeds, and Duties ; hee  
seekes to preuent them af-  
terwards, by making vs  
Proud of what we haue  
done. The Vertues that  
destroy their seuerall  
Vices ; he makes in gene-  
rall to nourish this Vice :  
Prudence, Iustice, Forti-  
tude,

tude, Temperance ; which  
banish and abandon Folly,  
Wrong, Faintnesse, Riot :  
These neuerthelesse ( and  
such others ) occasion  
Pride, and cherish it. Of  
all our Vertues, this is the  
chiefest ; not to be Proud  
of our Vertues. Hee  
built a Schoole, Col-  
ledge, Hospitall ; and I  
read his name in euery  
Window. Tush ! he  
hath erected him an  
euerlasting Monument  
of Letters: in whose very  
Frontispeece, you may  
read at once both his  
Name, and Works: And  
you

you must conceiue,  
these were not set so  
neere together for no-  
thing : his Name does  
authorize his Workes ;  
and his Workes immor-  
talize his Name. Hee  
smiles to thinke, how  
his Name is published,  
in the inquiry of his  
Workes ; and how his  
Workes are graced, in  
the mention of his  
Name. He hath long  
learn't to exhaust o-  
thers, like a Bee : and  
now at length hath got  
the Art to euiscerate  
himselfe, like a Spider.

H 5 Others

Others Brood he commonly wraps in his owne Clouts ; with here and there a new-fangled Brat, much what like himselfe : and yet he hugges them about therelt ; and sayes of his owne inuentions ; O deepe Notions, and mysterious ! Orare, and pious Thoughts ! Oh how it tickles him to re-repeat the Line, and Saying, hee hath couched so Emphatically ! when as ( perhaps ) you can scarce conceiue it to be so much

much as sensibly digested. Iust like a fantasticke Musician, he chiefly pleases himselfe; while hee leaues the Grounds, to run vpon his Voluntaries. How readily, and rashly, doe we broach our owne Opinions? how largely paraphrase vpon our owne Fancies? yea, wee make them ours also; which be no other, than haue beene said, or thought; saue somewhat otherwise. That we haue made a bare shift to clad, or cloake another; this is enough to  
owne

owne it to our selues. The  
Authour boasts what cu-  
rious Threed he hath so  
cunningly wouen from  
out himselfe, nor (for his  
Matter, or Method) hath  
he the least hint from ano-  
ther. The Translatour  
tels you, tis farre more te-  
dious to confine his wits to  
construction, than to en-  
large them to Inuention.  
He bragges of the For-  
rainers Learning, and  
Deuotion; together with  
his narrow inquiry of his  
Words, and minde: and  
now hee compares his  
Turn'd-Coat (though in  
many

many places thred-bare,  
moth-eaten; fusty; ) to  
any fresh; and faire, spot-  
lesse, yea seamelesse Gar-  
ment. Briefly, bee it in  
things of our owne, or o-  
thers; If our knowledge  
be a little beside others;  
euen they must know it,  
whose knowledge is farre  
beyond our owne. Nay,  
but he is now of ano-  
ther Minde; he is not  
so Prodigall; as Nig-  
gardly of what hee  
knowes. Away (sayes  
he) with these shallow  
Cestornes, with these  
empty Channels; that  
hold



hold so little, and  
powre out so fast: Give  
me only the Gulfe of  
Learning, and a Deuou-  
rer of Bookes. I cannot  
tell what you would  
say he may be; but he  
will not (he sayes) bee  
a Foole in Print. He vp-  
braids him with Folly,  
that thinkes himselfe  
knowes nothing, vn-  
lesse others know what  
he knowes: and thinks  
it his owne Discretion,  
not to communicate  
his knowledge vnto  
Fooles. No; As Lear-  
ning (he thinkes) be-  
gan:

ganne : so hee'le haue  
it end in himfelfe : For  
(so he perfwades him)  
he knowes so much;  
that in him knowledge  
both liues, and dies. *The*  
*knowledge that this man*  
*hath, he will not vent it*  
*out : no maruell then it*  
*be found in this man, as is*  
*said; Knowledge puff-*  
*feth vp.*

But of all your lofty  
Crue ; haue you heard  
of him, that is proud of  
this ; That he is not  
proud ? One that glo-  
ries vainly, euen in the  
Contempt

Contempt of Vaine-glory. You haue many of his Sect, and Sort: He seemes lowly, but he grudges to be despised; He cares not to be poore, but he is loth to want: He goes barely, fares hardly, lies coldly; an holy Man (I wis) and mortifi'd! but that he boasts as much of this, as you could of the Contrary. *A fained Humility, puffes up more, than a noted Pride: and is so much, the more euill and odious, as it seemes to bee otherwise.*

Tush

Tush man ! ( be he as  
 thou wouldst thinke,  
 another to thy selfe ) I  
 can as well see his  
 Proud Heart through  
 his torne Coat ; as thine  
 through thy flast  
 Doublet. Thou proud-  
 ly abhorrest his sordid  
 ragges ; he also spurnes  
 and tramples thy gay  
 Garments ; and with  
 another kinde of Pride.  
 Thy Ambition vrges  
 thee to giue ; and he re-  
 fuses thy Gift, for he  
 also hath his Ambition.  
 Boast thou before him ;  
 Thou art *Alexander* the  
 King :

King: and hee'le bragge  
with thee; Hee's *Dioge-*  
*nes* the Dogge. *Pride* is  
not alwayes from endow-  
ments within; nor yet  
from outward *Accru-*  
*ments*. A proud Heart oft  
goes together with a Beg-  
gers Purse and Coat.

Ile now tell thee of  
One thou knowest not:  
Heed him well; thou  
yet knowest not him  
whom thou seest. I tell  
thee ( chuse thee whe-  
ther thou thinke me so;  
my ayme is, that thou  
be so thy selfe ) I am  
not Proud: And good  
rea-

reason why ; I haue nothing, I know nothing to be Proud of. *Riches*, what are they ; but a spreading, a mouing, a glittering Earth? Hardly, and euilly gotten; doubtfull to keepe, and dangerous ; soone, and sorrowfully lost. *Honour*, what is it ; but an imposed, rather a supposed Hight, and Deeme? a meere nothing in it selfe ; but only is more, or lesse, as others reckon it. Men are like Counters, all of the same mould, & stampe:  
only

only when we call vp  
their account, we num-  
ber them from a Far-  
thing, to a Pound. What  
is *Beauty*, but a *Super-  
ficies* of Colour, and  
Proportion ; or a sha-  
dowed Shape, and Hue?  
a red clay mingled with  
Snow: A Flower, which  
(ere it yet flourishes) is  
prone to fade : Crop it  
vntimely, and it lowres  
while you looke vpon  
it ; Let it stand awhile,  
and it withers vpon  
the stalke : The Frost  
of a Feuer makes it  
droope downwards ;  
and

and an aged Winter  
 makes it quite wither a-  
 way. What is *Strength*  
 & *Stoutnesse*, but a stiffer  
 Compact, or more so-  
 lide Couchednesse of  
 the Ioynts, and Bloud ?  
 which ( say Art, nor  
 Might can yet subdue )  
 Sicknesse, Age, or Death  
 will once enfeeble. I  
 haue seene a Feather  
 and a Wall more beau-  
 teous than a Woman :  
 and know an Oxe, or  
 an Oake, to be stronger  
 than a Man. A Lion  
 will outstand a Man, a  
 Tigre out-run him,  
 a



a Stagge out-leap him, a  
Dolphin out-swimme  
him: *It is great Folly, to  
be Proud of those Parts  
of ours; which the very  
Beasts have not only with  
us, but before us. And  
for Learning and Know-  
ledge, what is it, but an  
insight of our Igno-  
rance; letting vs know  
only, that we know no-  
thing? I will aske him,  
that knowes the most,  
and applies it to the  
best; Who knowes all  
Things? Who is wise at  
all Times? The most he  
knowes, is not the least*  
of

of that he knowes not.  
 And can we be Proud of  
 these things of ours, which  
 either are not ours, or  
 are not? These best things  
 of Nature, Industry, For-  
 tune, how can we cal them  
 ours, and kisse our owne  
 Hands for them; when as  
 they can neither get, nor  
 keepe them to vs? What  
 we here arrogate to our  
 selues, wee steale from  
 God. Oh wretched Man,  
 and thanklesse! What hast  
 thou, thou canst call thine  
 owne, but Euill? God  
 giues thee all that thou  
 art, and hast besides: Let  
 the

the Giuer haue the glory  
of his Gifts. Why is thy  
heart so puffed up with-  
in thee, and thy Brother so  
despised in thine Eyes?  
Who maketh thee to  
differ from another?  
and what hast thou,  
that thou didst not  
receiue? Now if  
thou didst receiue it;  
why dost thou glory,  
as if thou hadst not  
receiued it? Thou art  
more Rich, Great, Faire,  
Strong, Wise, and Holy,  
than

than he ; yea, but hee is  
more humble. God thinks  
better of an humble Sin-  
ner, than of a Iust man  
proud. Be he neuer so  
Good ; God thinkes the  
worfe of him, for that he  
thinks the beteer of him-  
selfe.

It skarres me quite  
for climbing so high ;  
when I consider, that  
he who first ventured  
himselſe, and now  
vrgeſ others, fell ſo low.  
He now and then ſpurs  
me on to come after  
him : but (by his leaue,  
or rather in his deſpite)

I hold it easier and safer  
to sit still ; than to rise  
vp and fall. He hazards  
that climbs vp the  
Hill ; he that couches  
in the Dale, hath not  
whence to fall. It is for  
Goats to clammer vp  
the Mountaines ; I am  
a Sheepe, and can con-  
tent me to graze in the  
Vallies. Yet am I not so  
sheepish, to losh into the  
Ditch, because the Bell-  
Weather hath ventured:  
Shall I rush after him, as  
though I did only mind  
his Going, but not vn-  
derstand his Drow-  
ning,

niug ? Let *Satan* keepe  
his poison to himselfe;  
or drinke his draught  
to Fiends, not Men.  
Shall I pledge him in  
his Cup, whercof (I  
know) he at first ta-  
sted, and perished ? The  
*Deuill* (I perceiue) was  
well enough if hee could  
haue kept him so : He once  
was (as it were) enthro-  
ned on high ; hee now is  
imprisoned below : was  
once not an Angell only, but  
the Prince of Angels ; is  
now both a *Deuill*, and the  
Prince of Devils : Was  
once more faire than the

*Sunne, is now as blacke  
as Hell: Was once a Spi-  
rit true, and pure ; is now  
a lying, and vncleane Spi-  
rit. I will not pity, but  
scorne him rather :  
How art thou fallen  
from Heaven ( O  
Lucifer ) Sonne of  
the Morning ?  
And will reioyce to  
heare, and belecue the  
Witnesse of his Destru-  
ction: I beheld Satan,  
as Lightning, fall  
from Heaven. If I  
may giue the Deuill his  
Doom;*

Doome; He is worthily  
throwne lower, that would  
haue attempted higher  
than can be imagined: An  
Hell is too good for him,  
that would haue usurped  
an Heauen: He merits to  
be confounded to Nothing  
that so insulted against  
All things. Did he (thinke  
you) so ambitiously af-  
fect a Deity? Certainly,  
Diabolisme was too lit-  
tle for him. Surely, No  
finite Creature can be ca-  
pable of so infinite an  
Euill; as to arrogate and  
attempt Diuine Maiesty  
to it selfe. I rather thinke



( then he envied the Majesty to the Creatour )  
he envied the Perfection to the Creature ; and gloried in his owne. He saw he was a goodly Thing, and mighty ; & thought he was so of himselfe, and none was so beside him : Others he deemed subiect, and himselfe onely independant. He ought at first to haue acknowledged his maker ; but he then gloried in himselfe. The height then of Satans Ambition, was not so much a rebellious attempt to bee like

*like God ; as a Stubborne  
Neglect rather, to bee  
thankfull to God, for what  
he was. And what high-  
er Contempt could he  
haue imagined, then so  
Proud a Neglect ? This  
therefore exiled him his  
blesse<sup>d</sup> and perfect  
Seat, and State : and  
made him ( of all Crea-  
tures ) the most euill  
and accursed. His Pride  
threw Satan out of Hea-  
uen, and made him a De-  
uill of an Angell : Our  
Pride also will presse vs  
downe to Hell, and make  
vs Fiends of Men. Hee*

I 4      that

that endured not Pride in Angels; how shall bee suffer it in Men? How shall Dust and Ashes bee lifted vp, without Confusion: sith this Principality gloried not, but to his Shame?

Of all Sinnes, God hates, and plagues Pride; as the Pride of Sinnes. There was no Sinne before Pride; no Sinne now without it: Since euery Sinne is a proud rebellion against the Will of God. What can be more Proud, than to liue against his Will, by whole

whose will we liue ?  
 What more vnthank-  
 full, than to despise his  
 commands ; which  
 commands, not onely  
 that he may be knowne  
 to rule, but rather that  
 he may take occasion  
 to reward? *Nothing op-  
 poseth God more than  
 Pride ; GOD therefore  
 (of all) Resisteth the  
 Proud. This made him  
 set his Face against all  
 his Creatures, for enill.*  
 He therefore cast LV-  
 CIFER out of Hea-  
 uen, ADAM out of

*Paradise*, the Builders  
out of BABEL, HA-  
GAR out of his Ma-  
sters house, IEZABEL  
out of the Window,  
SAVL out of his King-  
dome, NEBUCHAD-  
NEZZAR out of his  
Condition, HEROD  
out of his Life: He there-  
fore cast CORE and  
his Company into the  
*Earth*, HAMAN into  
the *Aire*, PHARAOH  
and his Host into the  
*Water*, and the SODO-  
MITES into the *Fire*.  
He therefore cast IEZA-  
BEL to the Dogges,  
the

the BETHEL Children to the Beares, and the enuious Lords vn- to the Lions. All Gods Creatures fight for him, when he sets himselfe to resist the Proud. God is Lord ouer Man, more than Man is Lord ouer the Creatures: Nor are the Creatures bound to serue Man, longer than Man serues God: If he will be so proud, as to kicke against him that is his Maker; they will bee so bold as to strue against him that should be their Master. The bigge  
and

and lofty Creatures ;  
Buildings , Trees ,  
Mountaines, Rocks ;  
these all are obnoxious  
to euery Tempest, and  
Thundering : while the  
low and little shrimps  
and Shrubs, shroud and  
stand secure : These are  
dash'd, and These incou-  
raged by him ; *that*  
*putteth downe the*  
*Mighty from*  
*their Seat, and ex-*  
*alteth them of low*  
*degree. Pride ( we*  
*say ) will haue a Fall :*  
*This*

This is but the Ladder  
by which Men climbe  
to Ruine: This but lifts  
men vp, to cast them  
down the more violent-  
ly & desperately. When  
you see a Proud Man  
neare, thinke Iudge-  
ment not farre off.  
*Where there is Pride in  
the heart, there is certain-  
ly a plague at his heeles:*  
Yet a little while, and  
the Flourishing Bay is  
gone. Bigge Trees stand  
seldome till they wi-  
ther; but are rather  
blowne or hewen  
downe before.

Yea



Yea but I am humble ; Nor is it thank-worthy, that I am little in mine own eyes : since One greater than I made himselfe of no account. How can we make vs low enough ; since He whose shooe latcher we are not worthy to vnloose, humbled himselfe at our Feet ? How can vilenesse be puffed vp ; since He that was Great beyond estimation, made himselfe of no esteeme ? *It is humilitie enough with vs, that we*  
*subiect*

subject vs to our Superiours, and preferre vs not before our Equals ; but too much ( we count ) to subject vs to our Equals, and not preferre vs fore our Inferiours: But ( O wondrous Humility! ) He subjected him to Inferiours, who among Men and Angels had no Equals. He bowed the Heauens, when he humbled himselfe to our Life ; Hee bowed the Head, when he humbled himselfe to our Death. Odious was our Pride, the Pride of the Sonnes of Men : That could

could not be cleansed, not  
be healed, but by so rare  
Humility, the Humility  
of the Sonne of God.  
Why are we puffed ; for  
whom our Saviour was  
so emptied, why so lifted,  
for whom he became so  
prostrate ? What Worme  
of Earth can be lifted up,  
when the God of Heauen  
was brought so low ? We  
that are base, to what can  
we be abased ; when Hee  
was humbled that was so  
high ? Ob Dust and Asbes !  
learne to contemne thy  
selfe ; for whom the  
God of Spirits was despi-  
sed.

*sed. Learne of him that  
was humbled, not onely  
for thy Pride ; but to  
make thee humble. Oh  
learne of him, that saith ;  
Learne of me ; for I  
am meeke and lowly  
in heart.*

I wonder not that  
theDeuill was so proud;  
for he was an Angell  
bright, and perfect: But  
it makes me start and  
gaze, to see Man so ;  
that is butDung, vile &  
vanishing away. The  
Deuil had more to be proud  
of than hath Man : yet  
Man

Man will be as proud as  
the Deuill. What is Man,  
thus to forget, thus to  
transgresse his owne  
Condition ? Did he se-  
riously consider him-  
selfe, this would make  
him keepe warily with-  
in himselfe ; at least, not  
step so lauishly beyond  
himselfe. *Why liftest  
thou vp thy selfe ( O  
Man ! ) when thy selfe is  
enough to pull thee down ?*  
Art thou not wret-  
ched, mortall, euill ?  
Thy blacke Feet will  
bow thy stiffe necke,  
notwithstanding thy  
white

white Feathers. What  
 art thou but a Shadow,  
 a Sepulcher, a Statue,  
 a Glasse, a Bubble, a  
 Blast, Dung, Dust, and  
 Ashes, Wormes-meat;  
 a crazy Body, and full of  
 Corruption, a cankered  
 Soule, and fraught with  
 euill: whose Being, no  
 Being; whose Life, no  
 Life; whose Life is gone,  
 or going; whose Death  
 is comming, and will  
 come. *And now ( Earth  
 and Ashes ! ) how art thou  
 puffed up ; whose Na-  
 ture, and Lot it is to set-  
 tle, and sinke ? What  
 should*

Should a Giant doe in a  
Dwarfe ; or so high a  
minde in so vile a car-  
kasse ? The Sergeant ,  
Purseuant, Catch-poll  
of the Great King ; that  
knocketh at the doore  
of Young and Old,  
high and low, rich and  
poore , that equals  
Scepters and Spades,  
Iron and Straw, Bookes  
and Babbles: She turns  
Beauty into Blacknesse,  
Strength into weak-  
nesse, Wisdome into  
Folly, and layes Ho-  
nour in the Dust. Digge  
vp the Beggers Graue,  
open

open the Princes  
Tombe ; view well  
both their Skuls, and  
see how like they looke:  
compare their Dust, and  
thou shalt finde no dif-  
ference. *Why doth Man*  
*( in his life ) so proudly*  
*preferre himselfe to the*  
*Most, and Best : whom*  
*Death shall once equall to*  
*the Least, and Last ? No*  
*man is proud, but he that*  
*is ignorant of himselfe.*  
Know then ( O Man )  
at once, and contemne  
thy selfe: Know whence  
thou wert, what thou  
art, and whither thou  
must:



must : Whence thou wert, from a muddy Slime ; What thou art, a rotten Dung ; Whither thou must, to the place of Dust and Wormes. In all that was, or is, or is to come ; heres nothing to be proud of. How can he be proud of himselfe ; whose Birth is a pollution, whose life is a Desolation, whose Death is a Corruption ? our Life is but a step to Death ; or many Deaths to one Death : Youth is the death of Infancie ; why then

then are we proud in the  
 Toyes of our Infancie ?  
 Manhood is the Death of  
 Youth ; why then are we  
 proud in the pleasures of  
 our Youth ? Age is the  
 Death of Manhood ; why  
 then are we proud in the  
 strength of our Manhood ?  
 Decrepitnesse is the Death  
 of Age ; why then are we  
 proud in the wisdom of  
 our Age ? Lastly, Death is  
 the Death of all ; why then  
 are we proud of any ?

Tush ! what of all  
 this ? Thou now thin-  
 kest neuer the worse of  
 thy selfe ; for what  
 thou

thou shalt be. Tell thee  
( thou saist ) not what  
thou wert, or must be;  
but what thou art. Its  
all one for that : what  
thou hast, thou mean'st  
to make much of it,  
while thou hast it. Goe  
to Great-Heart ; thou  
wilt ( ere long ) be lesse-  
ned. Bee proud yet a-  
while of thy selfe: where  
shall once be thy Selfe,  
or Pride ? Doe, doe;  
Out-gaze Heauen till  
Earth gape for thee :  
and spurne Men, till  
Men tread vpon thee.  
Then shall they per-  
ceiue

ceiue thee to be as vile;  
as thou couldst conceiue  
of them. Yea, when  
thine Honour, Wis-  
dome, Beauty, Strength;  
shall be sowne in Weak-  
nesse, Horrour, Folly,  
and Dishonour: Thus  
shall they entombe and  
intitle thee at once.

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K

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thou shalt be. Tell thee  
( thou saist ) not what  
thou wert, or must be;  
but what thou art. Its  
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and Dishonour: Thus  
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intitle thee at once.

---

K

---

of the Year, when  
 that report, will  
 be made, and the  
 will be the same  
 will be the same  
 and Dissolution: This  
 will be the same  
 will be the same

## *Distractions.*

**G**ood Reader know,  
That comdest nigh;  
Here lies he low,  
That look't so high.  
Both poore, and nak't;  
That was gay cloath'd:  
Of all forsak't,  
Who others loath'd.  
He once thought all  
Enn'd his Worth:  
Nor Great, nor Small,  
Now grudge his Turfe.  
The Heauenly Cope  
Was his Ambition:  
Three Cubits scope  
Is his Fruition.  
He was aboue all;  
God aboue him:  
He did not lone all;  
Nor God lone him.  
He that him taught,  
First to aspire:  
Now bath him caught,  
And payes his hire.



*The Frefull,*  
OR  
*Angrie.*



Vt whither  
Sir Hot-  
spur? what,  
al in haste?  
A word (I  
pray ) and you will;  
yet not ( as you vse )  
a word and a blow.  
Come prethee, let me  
walke thee a while, to  
coole thee. Spur not on  
too fast ; thoul't either  
jade, or stable thy selfe. I

con-

conceiue thee, and can  
prescribe. Perhaps, thou  
hast not the wit to rec-  
kon the Greeke letters ;  
not the Grace (perhaps)  
to repeate the *Lords*  
*Prayer* : yet (may be) the  
leasure to take a Turne.  
In good sadnes, thou art  
angry ; something now  
ayleth thee. Something ?  
The Foole ( sure ) hath  
more wit, than to be an-  
gry for nothing. One  
( thou sayest ) hath  
wronged, and vrged  
thee ; Harke a while, and  
thou shalt heare him say  
no lesse of thee ; than

K 3      thou

thou now of him. Men are wont to accuse others, when themselves are in fault. The Angry man (especially) is seldome but guilty of his own allegations, and Complaints: and oft times wrongs another, in What he sayes, in that he sayes, another bath wronged him.

Nought but a glance, a puffe, a snuffe, a frown, a shoulder, a spurne: and (beside these flouts and scornes) neither stay, nor speake: Thus are our Passions hot upon their bent pursuit: thus

*thus disdainfull at their  
least opposition: thus care-  
lesse of the best aduice. Bid  
him stay, and be adui-  
sed. You had as good say  
nothing: He is resolute-  
ly bent vpon his rules (I  
know) which he as ill  
vnderstands, as fol-  
lowes: That he ought not  
to be wronged: That he  
ought to be satisfied for  
the wrong.*

Surely the man is lost,  
or lacking; and is whol-  
ly bent and busied, to  
seeke and ouertake him-  
selfe. Or rather, is so ta-  
ken vp with himselfe

on a sudden; that he yet hath no leasure to take vp himselfe. He driues on very furiously, and most stiffely bestirres his stumpes: and yet (I warrant him) chafes as fast, as he postes; because his feet are so sluggish and vnweildy, that they make no more haste to bring many his other members into action. His spleene which cannot so soone burst out against another, now boyles and bubbles within himselfe. Out vgly Hagges, and Bell-dame  
Witches

*Witches of our Minds, and  
Soules! rebels to Reason,  
and enemies to Sense How  
doe ye possesse, and misbape  
us? With what sophisticating  
dregges of Exorbitancy doe ye  
skarre us from our selues: and hurry  
us headlong to that in-  
conuenience, which we  
seldome warily recouer;  
but which we rather  
shamefully repent too late?  
If these Tempests boyse  
and tosse us, we rarely re-  
couer our harbour; but  
our Ship is either swal-  
lowed of gulfes, buried in  
the waues, or split vpon*

K s

the

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the waues, or split vpon*

K s

the



the rocks. Our Affections  
( for they haue their Of-  
fice in vs, without their  
Fault ) become chaste  
Hand-maids to our  
Minds, while carefully  
and discreetly curb'd and  
awed: but giue them leaue,  
and Liberty, and they  
turne inordinate Prosti-  
tutes to our lusts. Sit  
close to the Sterne, and let  
these only apply their  
owne Oares; and the Ship  
sayles with a merry gale,  
and prosperous: But let  
loose the Reines, and ( as  
untamed Horses ) they  
hurry along; and at last  
they

they throw their Rider.  
 Fire is a good Servant, but  
 a bad Master ; usefull  
 vpon the hearth, but hurt-  
 full beyond the bounds :  
 Such are our fiery Affe-  
 ctions also: we are not Ty-  
 rants, but must be ma-  
 sters ouer them: we cannot  
 root them; we must re-  
 straine them. Let H A-  
 GAR sit aboue: S A R A H,  
 and shee stirre contenti-  
 on in the whole House  
 of A B R A H A M. That  
 these Bond-Huswiues (our  
 Affections ) vsurpe ouer  
 Reason, that Free Ma-  
 tron, is enough to disturbe  
 and

and distract the whole Man. These are the troubled waters, in which we cannot see our faces, and shapes: nay, in which we wallow purposely, that we may not see them. These are the dusky Clouds, that obscure the Sunne of our little world, our Reason. If these boysterous Winds get head against vs; they trouble our Sea, perplex our Pilot, split our Ship, and drive vs all to wrack. But I say no more to my Selfe. We may bewayle our Selues in Others; it is in vaine, that  
we

*We warne Others within  
our Shues. Haue after  
the Hastling ; nay, haue  
at him with an en-  
counter as resolute, as  
speedy.*

*But soft ; not too  
neare him. The man  
turnes bigge, and sower  
vpon me. He seem'd  
Impatient at the first ;  
and now growes Fu-  
rious at a next affront.*

*Anger is wont to resist and  
assault those it meets with,  
as those it aymes at : and  
growes as sbort against the  
meane occurrences, as  
against the maine Oppo-  
site.*

*site.* See, see! Hee's all on  
a froth and fume. Look  
on him well, and like  
him worle. His Head  
startles, Haires bri-  
stle, Browes wrinkle,  
Eyes sparkle, Teeth  
chatter, Tongue stam-  
mers, lips quauer, Ioynts  
tremble, Hands clap,  
Fingers twitter, Feet  
wander: His Bloud ri-  
ses, Stomacke fills,  
veines swell; His Heart  
burnes, Breast boyles,  
Breath shortens, and his  
Colour goes and  
comes: Now red as fire,  
now pale as a clout;  
now

now rashly hot and flaming, now fearfully wanne and chill. What vncouth alterations of Mind? Did you euer see such franticke anticke gestures of Body? In this Glasse ( I warne you all ) behold, and abhorre yourselues. Did he here also see himselfe, he would scarce know himselfe; yet scarce that, ere loath himselfe. The Man quite marres a good Face of his owne. *How vncomely and loathsome is his Mind now ( could you marke it )*  
*that*

*that workes these distempers, and distractions in his Body? He seemes ( me thinkes ) as vgly, as outrageous: and his Feature not more vnseemely, than his Feats. Marke him now : Now he stands, now starts, now stampes, now Stares, now shrugges, now scratches, now snuffles, now grinnes, now gapes, now wrings. Such Apish tricks, such Bedlam prancks; as you would iudge him (in his Fitt ) either a Foole, or or madman : And who will*

will thinke you other in  
his case ? Anger is a short  
madnesse. Ah peeuisb passi-  
on, that thus distempers  
and distracts vs ! of all  
our hard and aduerse Af-  
fections, the most barsh  
and churlish. The rest  
haue some easement; this  
only will no mitigation.  
Feare hath some Bold-  
nesse ; Sorrow some Ioy ;  
Despayre some Hope; this  
Fury only hath no mer-  
cy. They moue vs, but this  
inrages : They disturbe,  
but this confounds our  
quiet.

Yet more tricks with  
this



this angry Ape ? Come  
a loft Iack: Sirrah ? How  
doe your fellow Brutes  
startle and bestirre them  
in a moued mood ? See  
the Sport : He now  
rampes like a Lion, bri-  
stles like a Boare, fomes  
like a Beare, kicks like a  
Horse, stampes like a  
Bull, pushes like a Ram,  
grinnes like a Dogge,  
scratches like a Cat,  
swels like a Toad, hisses  
like a Snake , bills like  
a Cocke, rugges like a  
Goose, buzzes like a  
Beetle, stings like a  
Waspe, and now  
mumps

mumpes and mowes  
like himselfe. Nay a-  
bout Iacke. He now  
bends his browes,  
gnashes his teeth, scrat-  
ches his head, teares  
his haire, beats his  
breast, wrings his  
hands, smites the post  
with his fist, and spurns  
the dust before him  
with his feet. The an-  
gry Ape said I? I should  
haue said the Ape of An-  
ger. There is no sauage-  
nesse of Beasts, which  
he here imitates not, if  
not exceeds. Nay, hee'll  
follow the very Fiends  
in

in his fury. *Man is in nothing more Brutish (I yet say not Deuillish) than in his Anger.* He is well compared, to what he so well resembles. I shall thinke him neither better, nor other than a Beast; that suffers his senselesse passion to blinde and sway the Reason of a Man. No better than a Beast: Much worse. *A Beast knowes not how to be angry: Anger is the Anger of a man. Mans is the sin; a Beasts is but the shadow, and shape of Anger:*

A Beast oft shewes the violence ; a Man only hath the vice thereof : Such (perhaps) seize, wound, kill ; roare, and bray, bellow and bleat : yet forthwith (for all the Anger, or Sorrow) fall to Feed, or Sleepe : He only hath this Ground, and Grudge within him. And hereupon, no Man but prone, no Beast but loth to be prouoked : It strives still to shunne, what he oft thirsts to iucurre.

My Friend, be faire condition'd ; tis best for you to know, and loue

loue your selfe. Nay my  
haughty Haire-braines,  
tis no pishing, rushing,  
laughing, scowling,  
scoffing, scorning mat-  
ter. Scorne thou my Pi-  
ty, while I pity thy  
Scorne. Another hath  
wronged thee ; alas !  
and alas that thou  
therefore wrongst thy  
selfe: Thou needs must  
vex thy selfe, because  
another hath vexed  
thee. I had thought  
( howeuer ) that thou  
couldst not so haue ha-  
ted Another, as not to  
loue thy Selfe. But  
what

what carelt thou, how  
thou hazards thee, to  
hurt him. A Bee hath  
stung thee, and thou'lt  
pull the whole Hiue a-  
bout thy eares : yea (sil-  
ly Bee! ) thy selfe wilt  
also sting, though in  
the losse of thy Sting,  
thou lose thy Life.  
Thou'lt throw thy  
Dare howeuer, though  
more by that meanes  
light vpon thee. It is  
nothing, if thou perish  
in his ruine. Ah silly  
Fencer! but naked, and  
yet spightfull in thy  
Frayes ; that lookest  
only

only where to hit the  
 the other, not where to  
 guard thy selfe. An an-  
 gry Man is his owne  
 worst enemy ; and of-  
 fends none more than  
 himselfe : Hee is often  
 more crucified in the  
 Thirst ; than the other  
 damnified in the Execu-  
 tion of Reuenge. Anger is  
 a Fury, that rightly  
 haunts the heart, that  
 harbours it : a Viper that  
 worthily gnawes the  
 wombe, that doth con-  
 ceive it. It is but iust,  
 that an inordinate Mind  
 and froward, should be a  
 Plague,

*Plague, a Torment, a  
Danger, a Destruction to  
it selfe.*

I haue cast thy Wa-  
ter : Ile tell thee what  
thou feeles, which ( be-  
cause thou feeles ) thou  
canst not tell. Thy Dis-  
ease is the spice of an  
Ague ; commonly cal-  
led the Physicians  
Shame ; which euery  
Man is here to himselfe.  
The Ground is a chole-  
ricke Humour, the Seat  
a naughty Stomack, the  
Cause a bad Digestion,  
of hard meats especi-  
ally ; the Signe a Bur-  
L ning,



ning, a Shaking Fit ;  
the Effects a Distem-  
per of the Body, and a  
Distraction of the  
Mind: the Cure is, to be  
let blood in a Wilde  
Veine, to purge gently  
for Choler, to abstaine  
from sharpe and bitter  
Prouocations, and ap-  
ply thy stomacke only  
with pleasant and easie  
Leniments. Nay if you  
take it not in time, be-  
fore the third Fit at the  
furthest ; it growes to  
more Diseases, than I  
can either Cure, or  
Count. Then is it the  
In-

Inflaming of the Bloud,  
the Swimming of the  
Braine, the Blearing of  
the Eyes, the Burning  
of the Heart, the Bel-  
ching of the Stomacke,  
the Shaking of the  
Hands : Strifes Inflam-  
mation, and loues Op-  
pilation ; the Drop-  
sic of Indignities,  
and Consumption of  
all Humanity. The  
Minds Extasie, casting  
Reason in a trance :  
the Bodies Lethargie,  
lulling the sense asleepe.  
Name me any thing  
thats bad ; and it is no  
L 2 better.

better. Aroaring Lion,  
a raucning Wolfe, a sa-  
uage Tigre, a wilde  
Boare, a she Beare, an  
vntamed Beast, an vn-  
brideled Horse, an vn-  
yoked Oxe, an vn-  
taught Ape : a Cloud, a  
Wind, a Showre, a  
Storme, a Sea, a Wauc,  
a Gulfe, a Rocke, a  
Wracke ; a Racke, a  
Pit, a Hell. All the Ele-  
ments out of their ele-  
ment. A consuming  
Fire, a pestilent Ayre, a  
troubled Water, and a  
quaking Earth. Thus  
can I call it all thats  
bad;

bad ; and what shall  
I say to thee ? A foule  
euill is Anger, and egre-  
gious. Theres no Euill,  
which it either causes not,  
or matches not. What Euills  
to Strifes, Enuies, Mur-  
ders ? and whence are  
they ? What Euills doe  
men beyond it : and a-  
mongst vs Men, What  
Euills are done beside it ?

Thou knowst ( per-  
haps ) nor it, nor thy  
selfe, by these Names of  
mine : or lou'st rather  
not to heare on't in  
harsh tearmes. I now  
come to thee ; thus

you

L 3 mince

mince it with thee. It is  
forsooth (as ycu com-  
monly call it) an Hasty  
nature : So ; its thus  
knowne in all: but how  
call you it each in o-  
ther ? Oh, tis the Soul-  
diers Stoutnesse, the  
Ministers Earnestnesse,  
the Womans Pettish-  
nesse, the Sicke-mans  
Pecuihnes, the Young-  
mans Rashnesse, the  
Old-mans Testinesse,  
the Priuate-mans Cho-  
ler, and the Great mans  
Displeasure. Be it so in  
the Seucralls ; what is it  
yet in the Summe ? E-  
uery

uery man in his Humour ; and yet but one Humour in euery Man. Are Sinnes lesse, for the varietie of Names, and Subiects ? Anger may be more impotent in one than other ; yet is it not lesse euill. We all haue not our Might answerable to our Mood. It is with more Rancour, than Power, that the very Waspe stings, and Worme turnes againe.

But its good (and it be but to sharpen a mans wits ) to be angry a little, now and then. Why not better, to be al-

L 4    wayes

wayes more ? A Good thing is not Ill, because it is more. The Thing is meerely euill, whose Increase may make it worse. Vertues onely know a meane : Vices haue a more or lesse. *A lesse Euill bath not more Benefit, but lesse Danger : A lesse Anger, is a lesse Euill ; it therefore Profits not more, but hurts lesse.*

Who I angry at thee ?  
at thy Anger rather :  
Nor angry at thy Anger I. It is not fitting a Fault should take vp-  
on

on it, to correct a Fault.  
Yet let me say; Zeale,  
and Iustice, reprehend  
and punish, with ear-  
nestnesse, with severity;  
not rage, not cruelty.  
The Philosopher would  
not smite his Seruant;  
because he was angry:  
nor (were I so) would  
I chide thee. *We are not  
angry at him, to whom  
we would the Amend-  
ment of euill, together  
with the punishment. Is  
the Law therefore angry,  
because it conuicts, the  
Iudge because hee con-  
demnes, the Officer be-*

*L s cause*



cause hee executes the Malefactor ? It is Pietie that moues here, not Infirmitie. The sword of Iustice is not put into a Madmans hand. Authoritie requires not a rash, a lawlesse rigour ; to what a graue, and iust seuerity can excute. Are Magistrates set for Posts, and Cyphers ; idle, and im-moueable ? It is the Spurre of their Office, that now moues them : They are angry at Enormities ; the very Cause is enough, to exempt it from that Name : It is not perturbation.

turbation now, but indignation. Take away this spirit and life of the Common Wealth ; and each ciuill Society faints in dulnesse and heartlesnesse ; yea groanes vnder disorder, confusednesse and ruine. These may sin, in being not angry : These may bee angry and sinne not : Thou both art angry, and sinnest :

True, true ; The Ant  
(I know) hath her gall,  
the Flie her spleene, and  
the Worme will turne  
againc. Nature (I haue  
learned)

learned ) hath giuen to  
all Creatures a desire  
and endeuour to pre-  
seruethemselues in their  
proper Being: and hence  
it is they so resist, or  
auoid whatsoeuer may  
oppose, or endanger it.  
*Euen vilest Creatures*  
*wax offended, at what*  
*may molest their peace*  
*and safety : How much*  
*rather then is the noblest*  
*Creature displeased at in-*  
*iuries, at indignities ? A*  
*Man is worthily moued*  
*at his Friends Wrong,*  
*and his owne : and a*  
*Christian. ( aboue all ) at*  
*his*

*his Gods Dishonour.* But what a Man is he, that will wrangle with a Worme; that will fight with a Flie; that a Mouse can moue him? We haue such a sort of touchy Spirits; whose Tinder hearts, apt to receiue the least Spaike of a Flinty offence; kindle forthwith the Match of Contention. Like Thunder and Lightning, a Cracke and a Flash, a Word and a Blow. The Deuill (I thinke.) at first extracted Salt-Peter from their

their moulds and alhes:  
Their very Nature is  
Gunpowder ; you can  
no sooner touch it, than  
it flies in your face.  
Theres a Sparke, all  
Fire and Tow ; euery  
blast of breath is the  
Bellows to kindle him  
and euery Blocke in his  
way, is Fewell for his  
Fire. *He is too forward in  
his Forwardnesse, that falls  
out with euery Thing, vpon  
euery Occasion. Say  
no Occasion be giuen  
him ; hee'l rather faine  
it, than want it. Say  
no Thing oppose him ;  
hee'l*

hee'le yet be at oddes  
with himselfe. *Anger is  
oft impatient, euen of Ob-  
seruance : and longs to be  
crost, that so it may get to  
uent it selfe.* Say itill as  
he layes, to sooth him;  
yet hee'le hastily bid  
you ( as *Caelius* the Sena-  
tour bade his yeelding  
*Client* ) say somewhat  
against him; that so you  
may be knowne to be  
one beside him. Hee'le  
wrangle with you for  
Goats haire, and stand  
against you for a  
Straw. Pinnes, and  
Points, are enough to  
set

let Boyes together by  
the cares. He takes it in  
high disdain, you so  
carelessly bedast his  
Doublet ; and vowes  
to be euen with you,  
since you'hapt to tread  
vpon his Toes. You  
haue either taken the  
Wall, or not pledg'd  
the Health; and he must  
needs fight with you.  
He frets and fumes at  
his Fortune; Curses and  
conjures the Deuill, and  
the Witch ; bites, and  
burnes Cards and Dice;  
and now he is satisfied  
in a silly reuenge. There

*is*

is no Trifle, which a  
Wise man cannot laugh  
at ; or a Foole be angry  
at. Rather than his in-  
juries shall be vnreuen-  
ged ; hee'll pursue the  
Waspe that stung him,  
bawle with the Dogge  
that barks at him, beat  
the Wind that blowes  
in his face, fight with  
the Post that with-  
stands him, and spurne  
the very Stone he stum-  
bles at. Creatures all as  
insensible of his Anger  
and Reuenge ; as him-  
selfe is of the Euill and  
Indiscretion. I haue  
feere



scene a Childe, that  
fallen, full Angerly  
would beat the Ground:  
Somewhat had of-  
fended it, and it did not  
know what to be re-  
uenged of. Children  
are moued with but ap-  
pearances of hurt and  
wrong : and likewise  
are appeased but with  
fained strokes and  
teares. *How Babiſh are  
we men in our Paſſions?*  
*We are eaſily angry, but  
at what we know not :*  
*Something ſeemes to  
wrong vs, and we haue  
ſome deſire of reuenge.*

It

*It is a shadow of Offence,  
that moues vs ; and a  
shadow of Amends, will  
still vs. A but counter-  
feited Appeasement, is  
enough to a but conceited  
Indignation.*

Bid B A L A A M  
hold his hands ; and  
smiteno Assc, but him-  
selfe. Can he neither see,  
nor feele ; to strike so  
at himselfe through her  
sides ? Poore Assc ! she  
had too much of his  
Load ; though he had  
spar'd his strokes. But  
hee will needs stab her  
for stumbling. I haue  
knowne

seene a Childe, that  
fallen, full Angerly  
would beat the Ground:  
Somewhat had of-  
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uenged of. Children  
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pearances of hurt and  
wrong : and likewise  
are appeased but with  
fained strokes and  
teares. *How Babiſh are  
we men in our Passions?*  
*We are easily angry, but  
at what we know not :*  
*Something seemes to  
wrong vs, and we haue  
some desire of reuenge.*

It

*It is a shadow of Offence,  
that moues vs ; and a  
shadow of Amends, will  
still vs. A but counter-  
feited Appeasement, is  
enough to a but conceited  
Indignation.*

Bid B A L A A M  
hold his hands ; and  
smite no Assc, but him-  
selfc. Can he neither see,  
nor feele ; to strike so  
at himselfc through her  
sides ? Poore Assc ! she  
had too much of his  
Load ; though he had  
spar'd his strokes. But  
hee will needs stab her  
for stumbling. I haue  
knowne

knowne such Bedlam  
 Balaams, as would  
 wrathfully reuile and  
 curse, furiously smite  
 and slay their silly  
 Beast, for but failing or  
 falling vnder them;  
 when ( alas ) already  
 wearied or maimed by  
 them. *How shall I thinke*  
*him other than Brutish;*  
*that will match and mea-*  
*sure his indignation to a*  
*Beast ?* N A A M A N  
 snuffes, because his  
 Physitian would cure  
 him another, and bet-  
 ter way, than hee  
 thought. He look't he  
 should

should heale him by the  
 Sound of a word, by  
 the Touch of a finger:  
 had he not better Wash,  
 and be healed by him-  
 selfe? Hee thought this  
 was not so good; be-  
 cause he thought not of  
 it. Reason would haue  
 esteemed that, which  
 was the best: his Rash-  
 nesse would haue that  
 best, which hee had  
 esteemed. *The Reason of*  
*a Man alwayes thinkes*  
*what is fittest to be done:*  
*his Rashnesse only hastens*  
*him to doe, what hee*  
*thinkes. This Euill hath*  
*Anger*

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*thinkes. This Euill hath*  
*Anger*



Anger also, that it will not be aduised. It (while it opposes euery thing) endures not any thing should oppose it. It iudges after its owne Fancie, and does accordingly ; and will by no meanes bee drawne from it selfe. The Truth is but a Tale, that gaine-sayes : and the Right does it Wrong, that oppugnes it. No mans Anger seemes vniust to himselfe. Howeuer, it thinks better of Obstina-cie, than Repentance: and will repeat rather, than recant the Euill: yea, will  
the

the rather seeme to iustifie  
it, because it would not seem  
to accuse it selfe. N A A-  
M A N therefore dista-  
sted the Waters of I O R-  
D A N ; because he was  
only enamoured of the  
Riuers of D A M A S-  
C V S. Many men rashly  
kicke at, and peeuisbly in-  
terpret at the worst, what  
is Said, or Done for the  
best ; only because it  
thwarts and crosses their  
peruerse and Obstinate  
Humour.

B A L A A M sto-  
macks his Assc ; and  
I O N A S pets for his  
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B A L A A M sto-  
macks his Assc ; and  
I O N A S pers for his  
Gourd.

Gourd. *Theres no such Impatience of Men, no such Indiscretion; as to be moued at Trifles, to mur-mure for them. It is but Childish (you will say) to whine for Puppets. What shall I say of these? The Mind is but base like them, that so values them, to be so angry for them. A generous Horse will scorne to meddle with a bawling Curre. The vilest Natures are the most querulous and contentious: much more in vilest Things. A Foole, a Child,*

Childe, a Woman, a  
 Sicke man, and hee  
 that's twice a Childe,  
 (they of the feeblest  
 Condition, Sex, and  
 Age) name me one be-  
 side them, so easily and  
 vnadvisedly moued.  
 Be not thou one of  
 them, and let them be  
 all One. So he wisely  
 Counsels thee. *Be*  
*not hasty in thy spi-*  
*rit to be angry : for*  
*anger resteth in the*  
*bosome of Fooles.*

Haue I rak't vp your  
 • M Stubble ;

Subble ; soone in, soone  
out ; soone hot, soone  
cold ? I must hammer  
your Wedge too, thats  
so long in heating, and  
burnes so sore. The yel-  
ping Curre did but  
snarle and snatch, and  
I shooke him off : this  
fullen Dogge will fasten  
hard, and bite sore ( I  
feare me ) he lookes so  
grimme. But Ile now  
doe my best to staue  
him. Ha ! The Mad-  
man and his sword are  
ill met : It were safer  
that the curst Cowes  
horns were shorter. *An-*

*ger*

ger is so wretched of it  
selfe, and impotent ; that  
it thunders it, when it  
hath now gotten autho-  
rity and power. Take  
heed of him ; hee hath  
drawne his blade, and  
vowes, not to put it vp,  
till he be reuenged : His  
Life ( he sweares ) shall  
answer for the Wrong.  
Oh how hee'le hacke  
him, and hew him, the  
next hee meets him.  
Doe you heare him ?  
Hee'le cleaue his Cox-  
combe, bumbaste his  
hide, rattle his bones,  
split his heart, let out

M 2 his



his puddings about his  
heelles, and garter him in  
his guts. His bloud is vp;  
and will not settle, but  
in bloud. Outragious  
and bloody villaine!  
irefull Hell-hound, sa-  
uage Tigre, Monster  
of Men, and Deuill of  
Monsters. Thou goest  
about to reuenge one,  
and a petty Indignitie;  
and so offrest another,  
and more hatefull Iniu-  
rie. *Anger* ( *Oh this An-  
ger*) is not an vnreasonable  
only, but an unruly  
*Passion*. It knowes nei-  
ther Ground, nor Bound;  
while

while it is both Causelesse,  
and Extreme. Cursed  
GAIN ! looke upon  
thy Brother, he is thy  
Makers Image also ; as  
fearefully and wonderfull-  
ly made, as thy selfe : his  
bones, and haire are as  
strictly numbred, and his  
bloud more precious in his  
Makers Eyes. What Fu-  
ry of Hell prouokes thee  
to destroy that Image ;  
which no art, no ability  
of thine can repaire ; no  
amends can acquit ?  
Tush ! whats a Death  
to a Dishonour ? His  
Life shall but pay for  
M ; thy

thy Disgrace : Ah ! nor  
thy Confusion, but for  
his Life.

The LAW ( when  
it was vsed at the most,  
and interpreted at the  
worst ) allowed no  
more, than an Eye for  
an Eye, a Tooth for a  
Tooth, a Hand for a  
Hand, a Foot for a  
Foot ; Stripe for Stripe,  
Wound for Wound ;  
but Bloud answered  
not but for Bloud ; nor  
but for Life, was Life  
required. Do I instance  
(think'st thou) for thy  
priuate Retaliation of  
wrongs?

wrongs ? rather against  
that ouerplus of Euill,  
whereby thy reuenge  
tyrannizes so farre be-  
yond the Offence. HE,  
that knew best how  
farre that LAW did  
stretch, and how long  
it should last ; now  
tells thee otherwise :  
*Yee haue heard that  
it hath beene said,  
an eye for an eye,  
and a tooth for a  
tooth : But I say vn-  
to you, that ye resist  
not Euill. The Talion*

*Law* (when it was) was for publike Iustice, not for priuate Reuenge: Especially, sith *the Reuenge of a man knowes no Order, holds no Equalitie, in his owne wrong* : So that commonly there is more wrong in the Reuenge done, than in the Wrong receiued. Hee hath endammaged thy Goods ; must thou therefore assault his Person ? He hath torne thy Coat ; must thou therefore teare his Flesh ? He pluckes thee by the Haire ; wilt thou therefore

fore pull him by the Throat ? He hath blemished thy Name ; and must thou therefore spoile his Life ? While thou wilt be thus satisfied, for the wrong hee hath done thee : what satisfaction wilt thou make him, for the wrong thou hast done ? *Hee is the more Offender himselfe, that seekes to auenge him about the Offence. Let it not be pleaded, whether hath first, or last : it shall be iudged, whether hath most offended. Besides the Ground,*  
M s      and

and Occasion thereof; this  
will bath Anger in the  
End, and Execution; that  
it is *unjust*. His Wrath is  
just alone, that shall once  
render to every one accor-  
ding to his Workes. Thou  
wicked SERVANT, and  
mercilesse! wilt thou pull  
thy Fellow by the throat;  
and bale him to Prison,  
for a few Farthing Tres-  
passes? Thy LORD shall  
once binde thee hand and  
foot, and cast thee into  
Utter Darknesse for many  
Talent Offences.

Anger is but the De-  
vils Wrath, and the angry  
Man

*Man but his Weapon : A  
Weapon wherewith hee  
kills double, or two at  
once ; ones Soule together  
with anothers Body. Hel-  
lish Instruments of Fury  
are they all, to set a  
World in combustion;  
and bring themselues to  
confusion. What a spite  
is this ? Thus the Deuill  
uses Mans hand, for  
Mans destruction. Thus  
laughs the Aduersary,  
that euery mans Sword  
is in his Fellowes side :  
thus glories, that Man is  
his owne, and others ru-  
ine. God made Man Mans  
God :*



God: but the Devill thus  
makes Man Mans Devill.  
Shall I turne Actor in  
this balefull Tragedie  
of Men, and Dayes; and  
inueigh against this  
Fury of the World?  
Direfull Miscreant, and  
hatefull Monster of Hell!  
impatient of our Being,  
irefull at our Quiet, hurt-  
full to our Safetie, and  
dismall through all our  
Dayes! Who but SATAN  
did first enwombe thee?  
Woe, and alas! that Man  
did cuer enbosome thee.  
Thy rage hath vndone  
more Liues, than the  
force.

force of Death hath dissolved. Thou Plague of Mankind, what hast cost them such measurelesse, such numberlesse, Bloud and Wounds. Not Tigres, not Dogges, not Vipers; but Men, ah Men are growne the impatient, the froward, and stubborne Generation: thus untowardly doe they degenerate from themselves. The Lion, the Beare, the Wolfe; feed on the Hart, the Asse, the Sheepe: but Man thirsteth after Mans bloud; and the greedy Cannibal

ball gluts himselte with Mans flesh. Aske why he is so hungry? It is because he is so angry at his Fare: It is his Fury that prouokes him to that Dogged Appetite; and gets him such a Stomack to it. *Reuenge is but the Executioner of all those Cruelties, whereof Anger is the first Inuentor: That but the Practitioner, this the Enginneere.* Whence come Stabbings, Stranglings, Poysonings, and rufull Maceratings? This first taught, and vrged, to digge

digge out a mans Eyes,  
to slit his Nose, to cut  
out his Tongue, to hew  
off his hands, to carbo-  
nate his Flesh, and shiuer  
his Bones. Yet more,  
and worse ; Because it  
will not doe a Man the  
Fauour to dispatch him:  
it studies to put him to  
as many Deaths, as  
Wounds : and thinkes  
that if he perish other,  
or sooner than it would;  
that he hath as good as  
escaped, in comparison  
to what it meant him.  
*Diuers hatb this Euill di-  
uersly surpriz'd and ru-  
in'd.*

*in'd.* One in his Bed,  
another at his Table,  
another on his Way,  
another in the Church.  
*Not Time, Place, Persons,*  
*Occasions, can forbid An-*  
*gers rash and raging at-*  
*tempts.* Widowes and  
Orphans, Young and  
Old, lament and curse  
this Euill; since it vn-  
timely tooke away the  
Husband from the Wife  
of his bosome, the Pa-  
rent from the tender In-  
fants head, the staffe of  
his age from the aged  
Father. What say I thus  
of some? This Firebrand

of the World, hath set  
all Nations together by  
the cares, hath dilapida-  
ted whole Cities, depopu-  
lated whole coun-  
tries: hath made moun-  
taines of Carcasses, Ri-  
vers of Bloud, and  
Mists of gasping  
Breaths: Outragious  
Hagge, and odious!  
had the World but one  
Head; she (with *Caligula*)  
would strike it off  
at a blow: So she might  
see the whole Fabricke  
in a flame; shee (*Nero*-  
like) would not grudge  
her ashes to a second  
Chaos.

Chaos. This euill bath  
Anger thought, and done;  
and would yet do more: It  
neuer but had a desire,  
aboue the power; a thirst,  
beyond the practice of re-  
uenge. Yet it thunders;  
though it now can dart  
no more : hauing done  
the vtmost spite and rage;  
it yet will threaten worse.  
Thus ( as followeth )  
haue the Furious vow-  
ed and sworne against  
the liues of their Ad-  
uersaries : To giue their  
Carkasses to the Beasts  
of the field, . to the  
Fowles of the aire ; to  
strow

strow their ashes vpon  
the Sea ; to make them  
they shall neither know,  
nor say who hurt  
them ; not to leaue so  
much as one, to carry  
newes of the rest : That  
hee'le make them eat  
their owne dung, and  
drinke their owne  
stale ; that not their  
God shall deliuer them  
out of his hands :  
That he meanes to  
ply them with Pow-  
der and Pellets, as  
thicke as mist and  
haile ; that hee'le tread  
their Gray-haires to  
their



their well nigh returned dust ; strangle the Infant in the Parents eye, and arme ; spoile their Virgins , rip vp their Bigge, bereaue their Mothers ; Make their Men to draw in his Waggon, to grinde in his Mills, to dig in his Mines : Their Princes necks shall bee but his Footstooles ; and their Young-mens backes but the Asses for his loads: Thus roare the Lions, thus hisse the Serpents, thus barke the Dogges. Nought but  
spue

spue out their rancour,  
but breath out reuenge.

These haue ( I marke )  
most commonly gone  
together ( I would like  
Fellowes to the Gal-  
lowes ) the Angry, and  
the bloudy minded.

*Murder was the first  
fruits of Anger, CAIN  
rose up in a Fury against  
his Brother, and slew him.*

*So, the Brethren in  
iniquitie : What of  
them ? Fearefull ! and  
to bee detested : In  
their Anger they  
slew*

*slew a man : And  
therefore (may such o-  
ther, fare no better )  
Cursed be their An-  
ger, for it was fierce;  
and their Wrath, for  
it was Cruell. As  
for me, ( and so sayes  
euery harmlesse Spirit )  
O my soule! come not  
thou into their secret:  
vnto their assembly  
(mine Honour!) be  
not thou united.*

*Theres yet an old  
Beare to bait : I would*

*he*

he were blinde, or  
toothlesse ; it would  
be good sport to whip  
him. What must hee  
such haling to the stake?  
As loth as hee is to  
come thither ; I would  
bee loth to trust him  
there. That bubbling  
Brooke was more tur-  
bulent : but this still  
and standing Lake is  
more violent ; *Old An-  
ger* ( I meane ) *which  
makes up the slownesse,  
in the weight of Ire.* A  
Monster of a tedious  
breeding, of an vnfor-  
tunate birth ; a Serpent  
of

of a Difficult hatch, and dangerous ; an ill Liquour that being kept too long, hath tarted and tainted the Caske; a Poole that hath formerly beene stirred, and yet can finde no time to settle: a Lion that long couches, and slumbers fullenly; yet rouzes him in the end, and roares hideously: a Fire that hauing long laine smothered, breaks out at last into a fierce and furious flame : a mote at first, that offends ; a Beame at last, that blinds

blinds the eye. Compari-  
sons are not here more odi-  
ous, than is the Vice. Liken  
(and you will) the growth  
of this ill Weed, to any  
thing that waxeth worse.

Marke how to stint,  
and stop it. Crush the  
Cockatrice in the Egge,  
push the Scorpion in the  
shell, hunt the Young  
Foxes, while they are  
yet but petty Cubs;  
take the Small Brat,  
and dash his head a-  
gainst a stone. Anger is  
a disease, with more ease,  
and honesty, prevented;  
than recovered. This Fu-

N

ry

in good, as doe many  
 wild Beasts, and Ser-  
 pents; namely, change  
 their Names, as they  
 grow in bignesse, and  
 yeares. In the infancy,  
 they call it Haste, and  
 Passion; in the Youth,  
 Anger and Choler; in the  
 Growth, Ire, and Wrath;  
 in the Old Age, Harred  
 and Malice. Thus doe I  
 distinguish the Age;  
 wilt thou I also deter-  
 mine it? Anger is then  
 Old, when it liues above a  
 Day. It then liues too  
 long, when it suruiues  
 the Ephemeron: which  
 (they

(they say) liues no longer ; than I said Anger ought to liue. He that bids You *Let not the Sun goe downe vpon thy Wrath* ; forbids withall, you should let the Sun (goe downe) to rise vpon it. Two Suns are too many for an Angry man to see. Accession o' dayes addes vnto this Euill. Haste is so turn'd hatred ; For so is it defined. Hatred is an aged, and strengthened Anger : and Anger doubled by dayes, and degrees. Ha-



tered ( for so I now call it ) hauing taken long and deepe root in the hearts of Men, is not readily & easily weeded thence. *A mans loue oft turnes to hate ; his Hate seldome returnes to Loue.* Implacable man, and impious ! His euill lasts with his Life : Nay, when he is dead, it will be a Question ( as was of *Sylla* ) whether Hee, or his Anger died soonest ? They story *Some* to haue hated so while they liued ; that dead, and burned together, their

their flame notwithstanding was diuided :  
 And *Others*, who slaine  
 together, their bloud  
 refused to be mingled.  
*The Sinne of a Man out-  
 liues himselfe : this Sinne  
 especially. A Good mans  
 Anger (they say) is soone  
 dead : but a bad Man ( I  
 see ) is sooner dead, than  
 his Anger.*

How cam'st thou  
 (prethee) to be so cho-  
 lericke ? The Man ( I  
 know well ) hath it by  
 Kinne, it cost him  
 nought. I was saying,  
 the Hate and Ire of Men

N 3      liu'd,

liu'd, when Men were  
dead. I cannot say, their  
Hate liues with the  
Dead: I haue noted, the  
Dead haue deriued their  
hatred to the Liuing.  
(I speake not of Enmi-  
tie betwixt Nation and  
Nation; so mutuall, so  
continuall.) The Man  
hates, the Sonne hates;  
and why? his Friend, or  
Father hated formerly.  
*Hee but euilly succeeds,  
that will be heire also to  
his Fathers euills.* There  
is obserued a naturall  
Antipathie, an hidden  
Enmitie, or inbred A-  
uers-

uantonges bewixen trees  
 and trees do as betwixt  
 the Oke and the Olive,  
 the Vine and the Gold;  
 worst betwixt Beasts  
 and Beasts being betwixt  
 the Elephant and the  
 Dragon and the Panther  
 and the hye and the moid  
 Serpent and the Serpion,  
 the Spider and the  
 Toad; Bird and Bird;  
 the Eagle & the Wren  
 the Owl & the night  
 Bird & Fillet & Fillet;  
 the Lamprey and the  
 Conger, and the  
 great fish called  
 and the Nigheboin-

id

N 4

nate

nate and contrary Qualities are obserued betwixt Man and Man: though indeed, the succession of Hatred would giue to note (as it were) a naturall Antipathie betwixt them. Wee know, and say it is their Vice, however they would make vs beleeue it is their Nature that sets them at so continual odds. *Harkes, O Adam? thou that art once proceedest from thy Fathers Flesh, and Forwardness: what thinkest thou of thy generation? from*  
 3160 1 M his

his Stocke, if from his  
Vice : There was neuer  
but one Enmitie worthy,  
yea necessary the propa-  
gating ; euen that, which  
God (at first) prouoked,  
and proclaimed irrecon-  
cileable : I will put  
Enmitie betweene  
thee, and the Wo-  
man ; and betweene  
thy Seed, and her  
Seed. Ah thou Traitor  
to thy God, and Foe to  
thine owne Soule ! why  
makest thou a Couenant  
with thine, and thy fore-

N s fathers,

fathers Aduersary? That mortall iarre was only to be deriued to Succession. How many Sonnes haue vindicated their Fathers wrongs to the full? Euen successions of Families haue continued the Strife and Debate, their forefathers began betwixt their Houses. Alas! that an ISRAELITE grudges at, and strives with an ISRAELITE (a Man with a Man, a Christian with a Christian) And yet rather suffers any Iniury, and Slavery; than breake an hard Couenant, a sea-  
red

red Peace with P H A-  
R A O H, the Deutl. O all  
ye cankred Sonnes of  
A D A M ! Impes toge-  
ther of hls Loynes, and  
Lusts : How is it ye haue  
forgotten the Old Quar-  
rell, which though it be-  
gan in your FATHER  
ther ; yet it equally con-  
cernes your Selues ? You  
haue an Adversary to you  
all ; why wrangle, and  
struggle yee, one with a  
nother ? Were you not  
ioyned to him, you could  
not thus be divided against  
your Selues.

Me thinks, I should

( by



(by this) make thee angry at nothing but thine Anger. If Anger ( as I haue said ) be a Passion so inordinate, vnseemly, Brutish, Pusillanimous, Enuious and mischieuous ; if it haue neither Ground, nor End ; if neither Delight, nor Gaine ; if it obscure Reason, and exclude Grace ; if it bee detestable to God, Distastefull to Man, and Preiudiciall to himselfe ; What Wise man, and Good, will now be angry ? Had Anger either

ther Pleasure, or Profit  
in it; there were some en-  
ticement to it. But Anger  
is an Euill, euery wayes so  
euill; that it carries no  
colour for its entertain-  
ment. It is by a shew of  
profit, or Delight; that  
other Sinnes insinuate:  
this sinne of Anger only,  
intrudes vpon a Man,  
with palpable vexation,  
and losse.

Yea, but thou canst  
temper thy selfe, and  
take vp thine Anger in  
time; and checke it,  
ere it rush into these  
rash, and rigorous Ex-  
orbitances.

orbittances. Tell mee;  
 hadst thou not better  
 quite exclude it; than  
 (having admitted it)  
 now busie, and trouble  
 thy selfe, to guide it? It is  
 safer to keepe out, than  
 get out of a Fray: and  
 better not to hazard  
 the Disease, than pre-  
 sume vpon the Remedy.  
 The Counter (by your  
 leaue) is not so soon  
 taken vp, when now  
 on his race, now in his  
 speed: The Rocke is  
 steep, and thou art  
 heady, how readily, and  
 easily, dost thou now  
 fall

fall past recovery? Thy  
Sea is troubled, thy  
Ship is tossed, Anger  
fits Pilot; and (ere  
thou thinkest on an An-  
chor, an Harbour) be-  
hold a Wracke. A man  
may with more ease for-  
bid his Anger; than hee  
can command it: with  
more safety may hee pre-  
uent it, than recall it.  
The Entrance of many  
things are in our hands,  
but not their Issue. While  
yet it is not, Anger is the  
power of the Man: when  
it now is, the Man is in  
the power of his Anger.

Set

*Set Anger once on foot,  
and it runnes, not so farre  
as you will let it ; but will  
hale you rather as farre  
as it list. I cannot but  
smile, thou'lt needs ac-  
count thee Captaine,  
and This thy common  
Souldier ; to fight vnder  
thee, for thee : Lead him  
warily on, heele scarce  
come fairely off. While  
thou'lt sit Iudge, to  
passe the Sentence ; and  
make it thy Cryer, to  
put thee in mind, and  
mood : be wise ; thou  
maist soone condemne  
thy selfe.*

*How*

How Man? Call and  
account thee a Coward,  
an Assc, an Idiot, a  
Blocke, a Stoicke, a  
Stocke? And why? be-  
cause thou wantest an  
Heart, a Spirit, the Va-  
lour, the Courage, to be  
angry at them; to check  
and curbe in thy Fury,  
the Indignities they doe  
thee. Tell them ( and  
thou wilt ) from me;  
They only are so; that  
so say; so thinke. What  
a Madnesse of Men is  
this, and Folly of theirs?  
*Are we therefore senslesse,*  
*because not impatient of*  
*our*

our Wrongs & Halow minds!  
 thus to play vpon our  
 Patience. It is for Fooles,  
 and Peasants, to iudge  
 them worthlesse, whom  
 they finde not peculiarly  
 For Knaues & and Vill-  
 laines, to doe him the  
 next Wrong; because  
 he is caldly p'drapp'd  
 first. & I reblingeb (and  
 to say) the Best, and Wi-  
 (est) Anger addes Cou-  
 rage to no Man, that is  
 not so without it; But  
 rather, basely intbralls  
 him to anothers Power,  
 and Mercy; while hee is  
 not in his owne. Thanke  
 Peeuish

Peevish, none more Sla-  
 vish: So base an Affecti-  
 on, lurkes not but in ba-  
 sest brests. Vilest wret-  
 ches are the rather mo-  
 ved; because they would,  
 but cannot be revenged.  
 What thinkst thou of  
 the Body, that yelpes  
 and yexes, at any small  
 push, at every sudden  
 motion? is it not too  
 too crazy? To cry out  
 you hurt it, when you  
 scarce touch it. Verily,  
 the Minde is as corrup-  
 ted and cankered, as the  
 Body ulcerous; to  
 shrink and shrike, at  
 every



euery push and pricke  
To stumble, and wrangle  
at euery Offence ; argued  
but the Minde wretched  
and infirme. I neuer saw  
any Man in this case ;  
whom I iudged not  
Boyish, Womanish,  
Foolish, Sickish, or (at  
least) Old and Pecuish.  
Now on the contrary :  
None so magnanimous (in  
my minde ) as he that  
forgetteth iniuries. Nor  
am I of another minde  
than the Wise Man :  
It is the glory of a  
Man, to passe ouer

*a Transgression.* It must needs be a right noble minde he beares; that he can, but scornes to be reuenged. *A Man is a Lord in his Fauour : in his Anger is Man but a Slaue. He hath fought a stout, and stately Fight; that hath subdued his Affections.* I will euer thinke the best of such an one, and speake no worse. Bold Heart, and Braue! that hath already curbed his Passions, and cured them to a skarre: hauing only remaining

maining in himselfe  
but as it were the Sha  
dowes, and Suspicion  
of his Affections. But  
Coward is he (will I be  
bold to tell him) and  
base! that (could hee  
winne a World) can  
not here conquer him  
selfe.

Thus much I o  
Thee; and (vlesse bet  
ter) too much. Now  
heare mee of my Selfe  
Credit mee; I either  
am, or (at least) woul  
be so; as I now wil  
shew mee to thee,  
though so I boast mee  
not

not. It is Honestie, and  
but Modestie, that wee  
would so set forth our  
selues; as willing Pat-  
ternes, for others to imi-  
tate; and not as idle  
Pictures only, to be ga-  
zed at.

O am I not (Feather-  
like) stirred and tossed  
at euery puffle and blast  
of Discontentment:  
but strive rather, to  
stand fast as a Pil-  
lar) maugre the winds  
and stormes of iniurie  
and offences. Let mee  
like a stayed Rocke, to  
repell their surging, vr-  
ging

ging Waucs : and (like a Wall of Marble ) resort their angry darts into their owne faces and throats. Men shall see my Contempt, in a no notice of theirs. Though he would acknowledge his Offence ; I will ( with Cato ) not so much as acknowledge mee offended. *This is a stayednesse, is an Happinesse of our Minds ; that we daine not to answer Fooles in their Folly. You aske mee, why I doe not requite the Wrong ? I answer,*

lower, because I feele it  
not. No wrong ( as I  
take it ) is done to him,  
that will not take it to  
himselfe. I take Wrong,  
as Honour : *Honour is*  
*not in him, that is honou-*  
*red ; but in him that ho-*  
*nours : nor is Wrong in*  
*him that bath, but in him*  
*that doth the Wrong.* Me  
thinks, *A mans Reuenge*  
*is but the Confession, or*  
*the complaint of his owne*  
*vexation.* Mine then  
would but tell them,  
how they haue troubled  
me. And vile Minds ( I  
know ) will the rather

O

doc

do it, when they know how to vex me. It is enough to me ; I may, but will not quit the euill. *Hee that will still doe all he can; it were better he sometimes could doe nothing.*

Shall I ( like my Dogge ) barke and bawle at the first push or rush ; not knowing whether it be my Friend or Foe that knocks at my doore ? *Theres no greater Folly, than to be angry at we know not whom; and for wee know not what. Or, will I bawle with*

with the Dogge that  
barkes at me : *Theres no  
folly, to the enterchange  
of spightfull speeches. The  
Tongue ( I know ) pro-  
vokes more than the Hand:  
and Men are apt to sto-  
mack rather what is Said,  
than what is done against  
them.* I will not blow  
the coales of Ire with  
bitter Words : my soft  
Answer shall rather  
strive to appeale his  
Wrath. Nor (when it is  
past) shall he boast how  
he awed me, in my pre-  
sent yeeldance : sith I so  
guided him ; that had

O 2 neither



neither the wit nor power, to rule himselfe. *It is not Awe, but Discretion to forbear a Foole.*

I smile at BALAAM, that could be so angry at his Asse: and thinke, whether was more brutish, her Condition, or his Affection? *He is but a Brute himselfe, that thus will match himselfe against a Brute.* I laugh to read the angry Letter Xerxes wrote against the Mountaine Athos: threatning it that (vnlesse it would make way to his Forces, and Designs)

signes ) he would hew  
it downe, digge it vp,  
and cast it into the Sea.  
Was not hee a bold  
champion, that durst  
menace, and make vnto  
himselfe, so huge an An-  
tagonist ? It still moues  
my Diaphragme, what  
once mou'd the spleene  
of *Cyrus* ; that he vow-  
ed in a rage, ( and accor-  
dingly atchieued ) to  
drear the profound Ri-  
uer *Gyndes*, so that Wo-  
men and Children  
might goe drie-shod in  
it : and all was, because  
the base and vnman-

O ; nerly

nerly Billowes presumed to beat in the Kings face ; and spared not to drowne one of his Maiesties Coach-horses. While he thus laboured to make it not a Riuer ; I would thus haue iudged, he made himselfe not a Man. *It is a ridiculous Folly of Men, to wreake their Anger vpon such Things ; as neither can feele it, nor doe deserue it.* I shall thinke that Man out of his right minde, that is angry at that thing, which neuer had

a minde to offend him ;  
 no nor had a Minde.  
*Brute Things and inani-*  
*mate, may haue the Hap*  
*to hurt vs ; they haue no*  
*Will to wrong vs.* Ha, ha ;  
 will a man be no wiser  
 than his Dogge, to  
 snarle and snatch at the  
 stone, because it is flung  
 at him ? I abhor the vn-  
 equall Ire of *Pollio*, that  
 condemned his Slaue  
 to be deuoured of his  
 Lampreyes ; for but the  
 casuall breach of a Cry-  
 stall Glasse: and applaud  
 withall the iust displea-  
 sure of *Augustus*, that

O 4 there-

therefore cauled all his  
glasses to be broken,  
and his Deuourers to be  
stified. It was good the  
vilest Dust should  
choke them, whom the  
noblest Flesh should  
but haue satisfied. *Ab*  
*the lightnesse of such*  
*Men ! whom such light*  
*things, and occasions can*  
*prouoke.* The glimme-  
ring of a Colour wil pro-  
uoke a Bull, the wagging  
of a Shadow will moue  
an Aspe, the wapping  
of a Towell will vrge a  
Beare, the squeezing of  
Grapes will incense  
an

an Elephant: And what is a Man vnlike these; whom a Feather, a Straw, a Toy, a Trifle can thus incense, vrgc, moue, prouoke? *This is the Folly of Mans Anger; when the Passion is more, than the Cause.*

I am summoned, challenged, yea cowardded with indignities: and yet I tothly enter the lists of Strife; or rather enter not. Shall I there hazard me, where to be conquered is grievous, to conquer is but inglorious? Will I raue

O s and

and trample the Dung  
and Dirt, whereby (the  
more I bestirre me, yea  
howeuer I behaue me)  
I am but the rather an-  
noyed; but defiled. *The  
pursuit of Anger is as a  
Suit in Law : the Plain-  
tiffe, the Defendant, both  
are losers in the end.* To  
contend thus with my  
Superiour, were dan-  
gerous ; with my E-  
quall, were doubtfull ;  
with my Inferiour, were  
bale. (*Anger is but a  
wretched euill, and for-  
lorne ; that is authori-  
zed, is patronized in no  
Degrees*

*Degrees of Men.*) With  
my Superiour will I  
feare, with my Equall  
will I blush, with my  
Inferiour will I scorne  
to contest. Hath one or  
other offended me? if  
he be vnder me, I will  
be so Good, as fauour  
him: if aboue me, I will  
be so Wise, as fauour my  
felfe. I will winke at the  
Childe, and Old man,  
for the weaknesse of  
their Age; at the Wo-  
man, for her Sex; at the  
Foole, and Mad-man,  
for their Condition. Yet  
so, as to let them know,

it



it was not well done,  
but rather taken so.  
This is a Mans botb quiet,  
and renowne; that he can  
forbeare. His Mildnesse  
shall pacifie his Aduersa-  
ries, while they cannot  
but wonder at it; shall  
procure him Friends,  
while they needs must af-  
fect it.

My Affections are in  
my Custodie, and shall  
keepe within my Com-  
passe. I will so hold the  
reines, as that I can  
curbe, or loole them;  
not so much when it is  
my pleasure, but when

I see my time. *We must*  
*leave our lives, if we will*  
*avoid Offences : And of*  
*these, though many (when*  
*they come) may be borne*  
*with ; yet are not all to*  
*be neglected. We cannot*  
*(oft times) but be mo-*  
*ued at the Euill of*  
*things. I that must loue*  
*my neighbour as my*  
*Selfe : may notwith-*  
*standing so hate his Vi-*  
*ces, as mine owne. An*  
*unreasonable Patience,*  
*is little better than an in-*  
*ordinate Anger. This*  
*kind of Dulnesse would*  
*not only incourage the*  
*Bad ;*

Bad ; but euen incite the  
Good, to doe euill. The  
Zeale of a Man is ena-  
moured of the Vertuow;  
nor can it be but displeased  
at the Vicious. Displeased,  
not at the Party, but bin  
Vice : Displeased at the  
Euill he bath done ; not so  
much because hee bath  
now so done, but rather  
that hee may doe so no  
more. I now can be an-  
gry ; yet so, as my Anger  
be not a worle Fault,  
than the Fault I am an-  
gry at. I can be thus an-  
gry ; to resist, to checke,  
to punish : yet not be-  
cause

cause I am now prouoked, but because I now ought so to be. If (while I dispute against Anger) a saucy Fellow should spit in my Face, purposely to prouoke mee: I would not now doubt (with *Diogenes*) whether I ought so to be? but let him truly and iustly know, and feele, I am angry; for so I ought.

But if this Passion (as it is wont in most) proue exorbitant, and fall to range (yea and rage) beyond her Pale; pro-

prouoking mee still to hurt the other, and vex my selfe: What remedy now but Patience? I turne mee aside (with *Plato*) and now forget him whom I was angry at; and minde rather to reuenge mee vpon my angry selfe: I now draw mee apart, take some time to bethinke mee in, let Reason breathe a while; and the Fitt is past. Pause then an houre, disturbe not thy stomacke; and the Hard-meats are digested. *This Disease of Anger*

ger (contrary to many) is soonest helpt by Delays. I take the counsell of *Athenodorus* to *Augustus* ; count my Letters : or rather that of *S. Ambrose* to *Theodosius* ; say my Prayers. And while my Devotion warmes, my Passion cooles. Thus is it awhile delayed, thus allayed at the last. Withdraw but the Fewell of Rashnesse from this Passion, and the Fire is abated : Let but the Sun of Reason shine vpon it, and the Mist is vanished. *Ab the*  
*Fro.*

Frowardnesse of a Man! that his Ire can glow and burne, a Moneth, a Yeare, a Life throughout: which a Weeke, a Day, an Houre, might (if not extinguish) otherwise assuage. It is strange to thinke, how Anger one way deferred, languishes: although another way prolonged, it is the rather enraged. Architas, Socrates, Plato; these were but Heathens, yet would not so much as beat their Seruants in their Anger: Shall I that am a Christian, rise now against my

my Brother ? Shall my  
Stomacke serue others  
one way, as I (another  
way) would serue my  
Stomacke : onely eat  
when I am hungry; only  
beat when I am angry ?  
By no meanes. I am  
wiser, than to launch  
forth in a storme: If he  
haue offended mee, if  
prouoked mee; the of-  
fence will notwithstanding  
remain, when the  
Prouocation shall bee  
past. Theres no hurt  
to take another, and  
better time, to punish,  
or admonish : I shall so  
shew



Shew me the Wiler; and  
( perhaps ) make him  
the Better. Oh doe no-  
thing in your Anger ! for  
then you will doe any  
thing. What profit have  
you ? What credit ? to  
commit that suddenly,  
which you may repent at  
leisure. Many a Man be-  
cause hee hath beene so  
causelessly angry at Ano-  
ther ; hath had cause  
enough ( after ) to be an-  
gry at Himselfe. The End  
of sudden Anger, was al-  
wayes the Beginning of  
late Repentance.

Another hath done  
mcc

mee wrong ; I might  
haue done no lesse to  
him : His might like-  
wise haue been the Sor-  
row, & the Euill mine.  
*Wee are all offensive each  
to other ; and may need  
each others Pardon. Hec  
is liuelesse ( they say )  
that is faultlesse : And  
whose turne ( can you  
tell ) shall it next be, to  
craue mercy for his  
Fault ? Should wee not  
winke at our mutuall Of-  
fences ; there would be no  
end of Strifes, & Plagues,  
betwixt Man and Man,  
yea betwixt God and them  
both.*

*both. Doe wee looke to  
finde others inexorable;  
sith our selues are so im-  
placable? Full oft hath  
a Man beene driuen to  
begge Forgiuenesse of him,  
to whom he denied it: and  
now to kneele to him for  
Grace, whom hee some-  
times spurned in disdain.  
I will deale with mine  
Aduersary, as to tell him  
how I am dealt with-  
all: so to teach him how  
hee should deale with  
mee.*

*My Brother hath of-  
fended mee: Alas! and  
I my God. My Brother*  
*me*

*me once, and in one thing :  
 I my God alwayes, and in  
 all. If Iupiter (said He)  
 should thunder downe  
 his Darts, so oft as Men  
 prouoke him; he should  
 soone leaue himselfe  
 Weaponlesse, and Men  
 Liuelesse : If my God  
 (thinke I) should haue  
 beene angry with mee, so  
 oft as I haue offended  
 him ; I should not haue  
 yet beene, whom my Bro-  
 ther might now offend.  
 Hee is one, and the same  
 Clay with mee ; that  
 now listeth vp the band  
 against mee : I that am*

*a*

a Vile Worme, haue kicked the heele against the God of Maiestie. With what face, can I begge pardon of my Lord, and Master; when I haue denied it to my Fellow-Servant? One Man (saith a WISE MAN) beareth Hatred against another; and doth he seeke pardon from the Lord? He sheweth no mercy to a Man, which is like himselfe: and doth he aske forgiuenesse of

*of his owne Sinnes ?*

How doth the mercifull

Lord checke the merci-

lesse Seruant? *Shouldest*

*not thou also haue*

*had compassion on*

*thy Fellow Seruant,*

*euen as I had pittie*

*on thee ?* Oh that Men

would therefore Doe, as

they Pray ! *Forgiue vs*

*our Trespases ; as*

*we forgiue them that*

*trespasse against vs.*

I will doe to another, as

I would another, yea

P

as

as I would my God  
should doe to mee :  
**O**uercome euill with  
**G**ood. My Saviour stood  
as a Sheepe before the  
Shearers ; they smote  
him on the one cheeke,  
and hee gaue the other :  
they reuiled him, and in  
his mouth were no re-  
proofes. And is the Ser-  
uant aboute his Lord ?  
What Losse, or Shame is  
it for mee to suffer, as  
**C**HRI<sup>ST</sup> suffered ? What  
Profit, or Credit will it be  
for mine Enemy, to doe  
as **I**<sup>U</sup>**D**<sup>A</sup>**S** did ? Oh call  
but

*but thy Saviours Sufferings to mind (the Wrong, and Scorne he tooke) and what can be too hard for thee to beare?*

And I, and mine Enemy; Who are wee, and what? Men both, and Mortall: Men mortall in our Nature, immortall only in our Anger. Ah that we would be each against other everlastingly; that are for our selues but a while. Nothing will more work upon this our fierce Affection; than to thinke upon this our fraile Con-

P 2      dition.



dition. The Man is mortall, as hee ought ; why should his Anger ( as it ought not ) be immortal ? This is also a great Euill vnder the Sunne, **Vexation of Spirit :** That a Man will adde Vnquietnesse to the Shortnesse of his Dayes ; and so make them still not onely **Few, but Euill.**

But Thou strengthenest thee in this inhumane Fiercenesse ; vnmindfull altogether of thy humane Weaknesse. Thou now thinkest to  
acquit

acquit thee, ere such a  
time : *Alas ! that thou*  
*thinkst not, that Time*  
*(perhaps) may be beyond*  
*thine owne. Thou woul-*  
*dest the Death of thine*  
*Enemy : Oh wisb it not,*  
*attempt it not: Yet a little*  
*while, and Death her*  
*selfe will doe it ; without*  
*thy Trouble, and Sinne.*  
The Mousc and the  
Frogge fought so long,  
till the Kite came and  
tare them both to pee-  
ces. Oh strive not so  
long, till Death come and  
part the Fray ; and so  
take you both away, him

*Wounded, and thee Ble-  
mished. When thou art  
now gone with, or after  
him: thy Name shall yet  
suruiue a while, as odi-  
ous as thy Life. When  
Death shall haue cooled  
thy courage, weakned  
thy hands, stopt thy  
mouth; Men shall thus  
write vpon thy Graue:*

---

---

*Here*

---

**H**ere lies a Fury,  
 high Sir Ite;  
 That bred, and earn'd  
 immortall Fire.  
 He'gan to wrangle  
 from the wombe;  
 And was a Wrangler  
 to his Tombe.  
 A Peenish, and  
 a Foolish Else:  
 Foeto his God,  
 his Saints, his Selfe.  
 He hated Men;  
 Men did not loue him:  
 No Euill, but  
 his owne, might mone him.  
 He Was; and was  
 Earths Load, and Care:  
 He Is; and is  
 Hels Brand, and Share.



*The Couetous.*



Lest you (& be naught)  
 old Pouch-  
 penny? Me  
 thought,  
 was some such Scrape-  
 ling ; he came so snea-  
 king on. It is many an  
 honest Mans lucke  
 (more than mine) to  
 stumble vpon such  
 Blocks in euery street.  
 I would none beside  
 mee, had more need, or  
 vse of such ; saue onely

P 5 to

to know them with me:  
They should not seeke  
him long; I soone could  
spie him out. *A Couetous  
Man is easily inquired,  
and determined, by him  
that is not so: But he that  
sees him, and is like him;  
can no more discover the  
other, than expresse him-  
selfe. Pouch-penny did I  
call him? But hee's not  
so known to euery one.  
Hee hath more Names,  
than euer he was Christ-  
ned with. The Best call  
him no better, than you  
would call a Wretch;  
Silly, Nedy, Caik, Snig,  
Gripe,*

Gripe, Sharke, Droyle,  
and Plod : And for the  
Most, they call him no  
more, than you would  
call a Dogge ; Snap,  
Catch, Pinch, Holdfast,  
and the like. *Wee may  
iustly, and modestly ( and  
then iustly, when modest-  
ly) call the Naughty, no  
better than they are. Call  
mee a Spade, a Spade ;  
a Wretch, a Wretch ; a  
Knaue, a Knaue : Neuer  
goe behinde his backe,  
and so beslander him  
with the Truth. Tell a  
Man his Euill to his  
teeth : yet so, as not to  
reuil*



reuite him ; but reprehend him rather.

Wearish Wretch ; so like a Flea-biter hee lookes. Say as you see, is he not mostly Wry-Neckt, crompe-shouldred, pale-fac't, Thin-checkt, Hollow-eyed, Hooke-nos'd, Beetle-brow'd, Purse-lipt, Gaunt-beily'd, Rake-backt, Buckle-hamm'd, Stump-legg'd, Splay-footed, Dry-fisted, and Crooke-fingered : with a learing Looke, slow Breath, stealing Pace, squeaking Voice : His tall

tall Hat, and tattered  
Cloake, Threed-bare  
Buskins, and cobbled  
Shoes ; a swagging  
Pouch, and a Spadle-  
staffe : And if you rec-  
kon him onely by his  
Coat, and Carcasse ; one  
would scarce bestow  
the hanging of him, to  
haue them both. They  
say commonly, *ill Hu-  
mours, ill Manners* : but  
here certainly *ill Man-  
ners, ill Members*. For  
( could you see into  
him ) he is not more ill-  
fauoured, than ill-con-  
ditioned : There's cer-  
tainly

cainly more vglinesse in him, than appears by him : A mind more misshapen, than can be figured in a Carcasse neuer so disfigured. How monstrous a Vice is Auarice, and odious? It distorts the Body, and distracts the Soule : Is Natures very Enormity, and an utter Anomie to Grace ; here quite sweruing, there farre out of frame. It makes a Man looke ugly, and to be loathed ; but odious inwardly, and to be abhorred : makes him seeme a Monster on the  
out-

*outside ; but makes him a  
very Deuill within.*

Flocke here my pretty Birds ; heres an ill  
fact Owle, will finde  
you all worke to wonder at. See how strid-  
ling hee stands ; hee  
couches and crouches  
vpon his Staffe ; nor  
lookes he at you, but  
vnder his elbow : and  
say what you will ; he  
neuer speakes but when  
his mouth is open.  
Come on then, looke  
and laugh, and hollow,  
and whoor, and whistle,  
and hisse ; gibe and  
jest,

jest, frumpe and flout,  
point and play : heres a  
broad Butt to hit, and an  
Asses backe to beare all.  
It were good sport, to  
laugh and scorne him  
out of his skinne, for  
his Coyne. Loe the Co-  
uetous Carle ! what a  
needy Niggard it is ?  
Oh tis a scraping  
Churle ! Out on him  
greedy Gripe ! A very  
Gut-head, he hath Asses  
Eares direct ; a Fore-  
head & it were to set his  
Leckes on; He sees well,  
and his Eyes were vn-  
cast ; I wonder he is

not ring'd for rooting;  
you may see your face  
in his so transparant  
Cheekes ; a Head he  
hath like a Moule, and  
his nailes were growne;  
and a Foot to shouell  
the Street before him.

*Hatefull Misereant ! how  
bath he worne and wre-  
sted himselfe from Gods  
good Making ? His stee-  
ple Hat hath harboured  
many a Thousand; and  
his woollen Cap scrues  
to keepe warme his  
Wits. His weather-bea-  
ten Cloake he had by  
Inheritance ; and hee  
meanes*

meanes to make it in  
his Will. He hath for-  
got the Making of his  
Doublet ; but it puts  
him (euer and anon) in  
minde of repairing. His  
Breeches are in the Fa-  
shion, not so much for  
pride, as to saue Cloth.  
But how bare soeuer be  
his Backe, and belly  
thinne ; his Bagge is  
well lin'd, and he keeps  
it warme. Theres not a  
hole in his Hose, and  
yet not a place where  
there hath not beene a  
hole. His shooes haue  
cost him more the  
main-

maintaining, than would  
prouide him Shooes. He  
keepe a free house ;  
you may as soone  
breake your Necke, as  
your Fast : and a cleane  
withall ; you may as  
readily wet your Shooes,  
as your Lips. The Man  
is oft-times so melan-  
choly at Home ; that he  
is glad when he may  
cheare vp himselfe at  
his Neighbours Boord :  
And (vpon many occa-  
sions ) growes so de-  
perate, that hee cares  
not what becomes of  
him ; only he is loth to  
be



be at the charges of making himselfe away. What chattering about a Night-Bird? and who can keepe Countenance at so absurd an Obiect? Couetousnesse is as well worthy Scorne, as Hatred: and the Folly thereof as much to be laughed at, as the Iniquity to be abhorred. God, and Men, haue thought Vice not odious only; but ridiculous. Whom God hath abhorred, them also hath he laughed to scorne. The Couetous especially, haue beene oftner counted, and called

called Fooles, than  
Fiends. Ironies are an  
approued Rhetoricke,  
and an earnest Argument  
against Impieties. And  
some Euils are more pro-  
fitably derided, than re-  
prehended.

In good sooth ( for  
all this ) he lookes but  
sparing on't. Whatso-  
euer he lacks of the Spi-  
rit ; You would iudge  
him a mortified Man  
according to the Flesh.  
He forbearcs oft-times  
to feed so full as Nature  
requires; Though Grace  
was neuer in his mouth  
or

or minde, either before  
 meat, or after. Hee sel-  
 dome eats but sparing-  
 ly; though temperate-  
 ly neuer. The reason of  
 all is, because he so eats,  
 not to subdue his Bo-  
 die; but to haue his  
 Meat. Like *Tantalus*, he  
 stands vp in Water to  
 the chinne, and Apples  
 hang by cluttes hand at  
 his Lips; and yet hee  
 pinches and pines in  
 the midst of meat and  
 drinke. An artificiall  
 Chymicke; he hath true  
*Mydasses Touch*: all  
 that he should see and  
 drinke,

drinke, he turnes into  
Gold: I would hee had  
*Mydasses* Eares withall, it  
would make him more  
knowne, and laughed  
at. Like one that sold a  
Ratt for two hundred  
Pence, and dyed of  
Hunger himselfe: so  
will he oft times starue  
his carcasse, to crambe  
his Pouch. *A Couetous*  
*Mans Mind is a slave to*  
*his Mony; and his Body a*  
*slave to his Mind: He will*  
*not satisfie the Appetite of*  
*the one; because the other*  
*hath an Appetite wil not be*  
*satisfied. Oh basenesse of*  
*Men!*

*Men to vnder-value their Affections to base Drosse; and their Liues to base Affections. Ah their Folly and Wretchednes ! to haue the Creatures of God, and use them not; which they therefore haue, to use: to preferre their Wealth to their Health, their Gettings to their Beings, their Monny to their Body; their Gold to their God, their Siluer to their Soule; and rather possesse it, than enioy themselves.*

*Suppose him now set at anothers Table : His Knife*

Knife ( answerable to his Stomacke ) is the first drawne, and not the last in the Dish. Now not a word with him : Aske him any thing ; and he answers all with Yea, and No ; not about a monosyllable at the most. Looke how hee loads a Borrowed Trencher ? His Cheekes strut, Teeth walke, and Chaps plie apace : And lest you might hap to cut him, not where he likes not, but not enough ; hee saues you the labour of

Q

a

a Caruer. He now feeds  
full vpon Free-Cost :  
and fayer with *Diogenes*,  
That Wine is best, and  
most pleasant to him,  
which he payes not for.  
Now makes hee a full  
amends to his whining  
Stomacke, and his Guts  
leauē grumbling : But  
as the Wolfe eats one  
good Meale for three  
Dayes : so though hee  
feast his Body now a-  
broad ; hee will make  
the poore Carcasse pay  
triple for it at Home.  
Yea and (all this while)  
if his Host be beholden  
to

to him for more than  
his Company ; he eats  
double : out eats him,  
and eats him out. *The*  
*Couetous is one of a rauen-*  
*nous Generation: A very*  
*Harpy, Tigre, Wolfe,*  
*Beare, Dogge, Deuill,*  
*Pit, Gulfe, and Hell. A*  
*Cormorant begat him ;*  
*The Daughter of the*  
*Horsleach bare him :*  
*and he like a cursed Cater-*  
*pillar, is continually gnaw-*  
*ing : Deuouring Widowes*  
*houses, and sucking the*  
*very Bloud from the*  
*hearts of the Fatherlesse.*



Ob all ye damned Deuourers ! that eat vp Gods people, as if it were Bread; Blond-suckers of BELIAL ! Surfeit yet a while in your hellish Infaciacie: Ye shall once spue out your Bowels ; and empty your selues into a Pit as bottomlesse, as euer were your desires.

But I will home with him, and see what an House he keeps. Let me tell you, he keeps an open House : but you may vnderstand, it is the Roofe vnthatcht, or Windowes vntrellesed;  
for

for the Doore is neuer vnbolted. The Grasse growes greene vpon his Threshold ; and his Dog is as good as a Porter, to keepe Beggars from his Doore. His Chimney smokes but seldome, and Dawes make nests in euery corner. You cannot come to visit his Beere, but you shall finde it at a very low rate, low estate, if not dead outright : And for his Bread, Age and Experience haue brought it to an hoary head. He is

Q 3      now

now at his owne Finding, and marke how his Boord is furnished: His stall and Garçon furnisht the Market, and that his Coffers: his Garden-plot only fills his Table, & that fills his Belly. Roots and Herbs he calls his First, and Second Course: and three hungry Sallets supply the places of so many hearty Seruices. He cuts vp a Carrot, and pickes out a dainty bit in a Turnep: Beets are his best Fare; and he thinks how he riots amongst  
his

his Leekes and Lettice?  
He shiues out his Bread  
by weight or measure;  
an Ounce, or an Inch;  
and at euery Cutting  
observes the Loafe. You  
would thinke he num-  
bred his Morsels: Hee  
goes so farre, and no  
further; not because  
he would eat no more,  
but would no more  
should be eaten. He  
eats the more Pottage  
on purpose, to spare  
the Flesh. He seldome  
eats like an Epicure, to  
please his Palate; neuer  
like a Man, to nourish

Q 4

his

his Body ; but commonly like a Hogge, to fill his Belly. A belly full is a belly full, and it be of Buttermilke. He may eat Gold ; and yet hee feeds but grossely. Like a Tradesman, that sells off his best wares at a good rate ; and keeps the worst for his owne use : Or like him, that sells out the good Liquour ; and reserves the Dregges for his owne drinking : Like an Idiot, he hath the best to chuse on, and makes choice only of the worst ;

Leaves

Leaves the good for others, and takes the bad vnto himselfe : Or like That Asse, that carried dainty Cates vpon his backe ; and notwithstanding fill'd his belly with Hay, and Straw. But if he be a Worshipfull Miser, and of ancient standing ; Not the Cognisance only, but the Coat also is the selfe same, his Great Grand-fire gaue before him. He must doe, as his Father before him ; or else how should he vphold the House ?

Q. Now,

Now hath he more  
Dogges, than Men to  
wait vpon him : and  
his Table fills more  
Eares, than Bellies ; and  
more fills Eares, than  
Bellies. He now quar-  
ters a Capon, and roasts  
halfe a Rabbet : and  
tels you an old Tale of  
an Hare, and another of  
a Pigge, that was pro-  
portion'd to three seue-  
rall Spits, Fires, Dayes,  
Dishes, Meales : But an  
approued Story, how  
that the Loyne of a  
Cocke was once a Ser-  
uice for a King. His  
Taylour

Taylour hath not halfe  
so many wayes to  
turne his Breeches, as  
his Cooke to dresse his  
Dishes ; he lends vp the  
same Dish seuen dayes  
together , disguised  
only in seuen seuerall  
Sauces. And for the cold  
Pie, it is so long since  
it came hot out of the  
Ouen ; that it hath got  
on a Freize coat to keep  
it warme : and at last  
is faine to flit from his  
Table, to his Trough.  
He grudges to bestow  
any thing vpon him-  
selfe ; and bravvles with  
Wife



Wife and Children, as the daily meanes of his vndoing: And when he must needs dispend, he shrugges it out, and kisses euery Peece he parts from. How should a Couetous Man be good to any? since he is not so to himselfe. Will he feed the hungry; whose owne Stomacke still complaines? Will he cloath the naked; that only shrouds himselfe in shreds? Will hee giue to the Poore; that cannot be perswaded himselfe is rich? Well he releue others Necessities; that

that thinks there is nothing beside him, which he wants not himselfe? Unprofitable Earth-load is he; borne to doe good to none, no not himselfe. Neither are Wife, Children, Friends, Neighbours the better for him: And for himselfe; he is, but lues not; because he is to no purpose: he hath, but inioyes not; because he vses not what he hath.

Tis bed time by this; and (not once minding, or mentioning his God) hee commends himselfe to the keeping of

of his Bolts and Barres. Wife, Children, Friends, Seruants, he askes them all once, and againe, if they haue made all sure? and being accordingly answered, he yet rises at last to resolute himselfe. *Than the Couteous Man; none more distrustfull. His Wife beethinkes is false vnto him; and his Children cosen him: His Seruants he accounts no better than Theeues. If they be his Friends, they come to sharke vpon him; if Strangers, to steale from him.*  
His

*His Superiour he suspects  
of extorting, his Equall of  
defrauding, and his Infe-  
riour of purloyning :  
Yea, he is oft-times anxi-  
ous of himselfe ; nay, and  
will trust his God no fur-  
ther than he sees him.*

*Now is the Gate shut,  
Bridge drawne, Doore  
barr'd, and Trunke  
lockt ; and now he lyes  
him downe to wake ; for  
why, he cannot, or else  
he dares not sleepe. The  
Wise Man knew his dis-  
ease, and tells the Cause:*

*The Abundance of  
the*

*the Rich will not suffer him to sleepe.*

Thoughts are entred into his head, and Sleep is departed from his eyes. It is his Care to get more, will not let him rest with what he hath. He now lyes imagining mischief on his Bed; and takes counsell of his Pillow how to deceiue, and wrong. How to adde his neighbours House, and Field vnto his owne? How to double his Talcir by the safest meanes, and in the shortest

shortest time ? How to  
take vp, and put off at  
the best hand ? How to  
let out Mony with good  
Security, and for the  
most Aduantage? How  
to bring about such a  
Bargaine? How to fore-  
stall such a Market ?  
How to ingrosse, how  
to inhance such a Com-  
moditie ? How to pur-  
chase such a Liuing ?  
How to inuicgle such  
an Estate ? No euill can  
bethought, which Coue-  
tousnesse doth not both  
thinke and plot. It cares  
not to deceiue the simple ;  
nor

nor makes a Conscience  
to oppresse the poore:  
Neither regards it the  
Widowes Teares; the  
Bloud of the Fatherlesse,  
nor the Labourers Sweat.  
It takes no notice of Fa-  
ther or Mother, spares  
not his owne Brother, and  
affords not the least Fa-  
uour to his best Friend. It  
measures Honesty by  
Profit; and thinks no-  
thing not lawfull to it-  
selfe, which may make  
for its owne aduantage:  
and so it goe away with  
the Gaine; it cares not  
who liues by the losse. Ob  
cursed

*cursed Avarice ! the Metropolis of all Evils, and Charibdis of Iniquity : Through its euill instigation ; did EVE take, and taste the forbidden Fruit ; LABAN grudged the goods of JACOB ; His Brethren sold IOSEPH to the ISMAELITES ; BALAAM tooke paines to curse ISRAEL ; ACHAN intrigued the execrable Wedge ; DALILAH deliuered her Husband into the hands of his Enemies ; AHAB massacred NABOTH ; GEHAZI belyed*



belyed his Master ; and  
IUDAS betrayed CHRIST.  
Heerightly said ; Coue-  
tousnesse is the root of  
all euill : that fully con-  
sidered, what Euills come  
by Couetousnesse. It nei-  
ther feares God, nor re-  
uerences Man : Profanes  
the Temple, forestalls  
the Market, corrupts the  
Court ; swayes Authoritie,  
impugnes Iustice, vio-  
lates Lawes ; Defraudes  
the Innocent, oppresses  
the Poore ; blindes the  
Eyes from beholding E-  
quity, stops the Eares  
from

and from hearing the Truth,  
 IST. hires the Tongue to rati-  
 fye Falshood with an Oath,  
 sets the Hands to worke  
 con. wickednesse, and makes  
 come the Feet runne to shed  
 nei. Bloud. What Euill hath  
 Hell inuented, hath the  
 y re. Deuill suggested: which  
 canes Couetousnesse hath not en-  
 falls tertained, not put in exc-  
 the sution?

Yet tumbling and  
 vio. offing; but as yet no  
 udes holding of the hands to  
 esse. cepe. No, no, alas; his  
 the raines are too busied,  
 y E. to be settled on a sud-  
 are en. He hath 'a World  
 from in

in his Head, and it makes him study how to get a Country into his Hands. Such a Field ( he thinkes ) lies commodiously for him: such an House is pleasantly seated; is of a safe and free Tenure, and may be had at a reasonable rate: Such a Commodity is both rare, and saleable; thus and thus may he ingrosse a good parcell of it; thus and thus inhaunce the price. These and these sealed Bagges are in such a Chest; and these  
and

and these Bonds and  
 Bills in such another.  
 And thus lyes he coun-  
 ting all the night long.  
 And if you were  
 brought into his Bed-  
 Chamber at midnight ;  
 ( as was *Mycillus* the  
 Cobler, into *Grypheus*  
 the vsurers ) you should  
 euen then finde him  
 waking : Nay, if the  
 Deuill should come  
 about that time to fetch  
 him ; he should hardly  
 take him napping. *The*  
*Riches of the Couetous*  
*trouble and torment him*  
*on euery part ; whether of*  
*Body,*

*Body, or Minde : His Conscience hath no peace, his Knowledge finds no truth, his Desire gets no appeasment ; His Belly wants food, his backerayment, his Heart wants ease, his Eyes sleepe, and his Bones want rest. Sigismundus the Emperour, when he could not sleepe the night throughout, for taking thought, what hee should doe with all his Gold, was newly sent him : the next day hee dealt it amongst his Captaines and Counsellours;*

bours ; and could say afterwards, Now I am rid of a Tormentour ; I shall now sleepe in quiet. I would a Many. should not so sleepe, till they had done likewise. Gape, and yawne, and turne, androsse, and mule, and moane, and sigh, and quake yee restlesse Wretches! I will not pity you; since you may ease your selues, if you will.

But if (thus tired with Thoughts) he fall at last into some faint Slumber ; Oh how

R short

short it is: how vnquiet  
Hee dreames all the  
while he is posting to a  
Faire, crouded in a Mar-  
ket; either Buying, Sel-  
ling, Chopping, Chan-  
ging, Hiring, Letting,  
Writing, Sealing, Coun-  
ting: His Mind still runs  
vpon Mony, Wares,  
Chapmen, Cheatours,  
Theeues, or Deuills.  
Harke, harke; his Dog  
barks at Moon-shine; &  
he now wakes & starts  
at the apprehension of  
Theeues and Robbers:  
It is the Winde whiskes  
by his Window; and  
he

he imagines he heares  
them whisper: He hears  
but the Doore creak; ;  
and he thinks they now  
are breaking in. Vp  
he gets, and loudly calls  
vpon lusty Dicke, and  
Robbin, and Ralfe;  
when there is no more  
but little Iacke to heare  
him: Bids bring the  
Pistoll, Musket, Sword,  
and Speare; when his  
whole munition is a  
Spit, or a Pitchforke.  
His Colour changes,  
Haire stands vpright,  
Heart pants, Breast  
throbs, Ioynts quake;

R 2

and



and all this while hee  
suffers so much through  
his Feare, as he feares to  
suffer. Who would trou-  
ble themselves to get Ri-  
ches ; that thus trouble  
them that haue them ?  
Trouble to get them, trou-  
ble to keep them, and trou-  
ble to leaue or lose them.  
Here plodding and toy-  
ling ; there Watching  
and caring ; and sighing  
and groaning there : Ma-  
king a Man here sollici-  
tous, anxious there, and  
there againe forlorne.  
Molesting the Man, that  
his Goods are not increa-  
sed ;

sed ; and againe molesting, lest his Goods should be diminished : It both vexes him, that he hath no more ; and vexes him, that he may haue lesse. It troubled A H A B, to adde N A B O T H S Vineyard vnto his owne : It troubled the R I C H - M A N, to conserue, & enlarge his Possessions : It troubled the Y O U N G - M A N, to part with his Goods vnto the Poore. H E knew well how restlesse a thing was Riches, who likened them to T H O R N E S : Like Thornes in the sides,  
R ; they

they suffer not a Man to sit still : Like Thornes in the Fingers, they binder a Man from labouring with his hands : Like Thornes in the Eyes, they blinde a Man from beholding the Truth : Like Thornes in the Heart, they barre a Man from embracing the Right : Like Thornes in the Feet, they let a Man for going about any thing that is Good. To what shall I now liken the Riches of the World ; but to all the infesting plagues of ÆGYPT ? Their Rivers were turned

ned into Bloud; and these  
 haue made euen Rivers of  
 Bloud: Frogs came into  
 mens Bed-chambers; and  
 these creepe into mens Bo-  
 somes: The Dust of the  
 Land became Lice; and  
 this Dust of the Earth is  
 turned to such like Tor-  
 mentours: Swarmes of  
 Flies infested Egypt;  
 and these corrupt the  
 Land: The Murraine  
 slue the Beasts of the  
 Land; This (what with  
 toyling, ryoting, spoyling)  
 hath slaine them the  
 whole Earth thorowout:  
 The Men could not stand

at ease, by reason of Boyles  
and Botches ; nor doe  
these suffer men to sit at  
rest : The Haile destroy-  
ed the Beasts and Trees ;  
and these haue done the  
like destructions: Locusts  
were brought into the  
Land ; and these cause  
many a Caterpillar: Dark-  
nesse was ouer Æ G Y P T  
so thicke that it might be  
felt ; and these while they  
are grop't and felt with  
the hand, they blind the  
eyes : All the first borne  
were slaine at Mid-night ;  
and these haue torne the  
prime Youngling from  
the

the Mothers Belly, Breast,  
and Bed. Who is now  
the Rich man of the  
World, that is not richer  
in Plagues, than he is in  
Possessions : That a-  
bounds not in Restles-  
nesse, more than in Reue-  
nues. It was a Wise re-  
uenge of One, alwayes to  
inrich his Enemies, and  
Offenders : affirming, it  
was punishment enough  
to make them rich : mean-  
ing, Wealth can want no  
Woe ; and he that hath  
great Riches, hath little  
Rest withall. But (say the  
Covetous Carles of our  
R 5 dayes)

dayes ) punish them so,  
and hurt them sore. Silly  
Asses ! they are burdened  
most, and yet they thinke  
they are most rewarded:  
They take it for a Bless-  
ing, not knowing that it  
prooves a Snare. In the  
Worlds eye, he is the Hap-  
py Man that hath House  
by House, Field by Field,  
Flocke by Flocke, Bagge  
by Bagge, and Chest by  
Chest. He goes cloathed  
in purple and fine Linnen,  
and fares deliciously euery  
day : Fine fed, and gay  
clad ; His Cates and Rai-  
ments both farre fetcht,  
and

and deare boughs: and  
the Substance and Mat-  
ter of neither are thought  
good enough for him; but  
both are made better, if  
Cost and Art can make  
them so. One Backe and  
Belly of him, how many  
doth it exercise and em-  
ploy, thus to clad, and  
feed? Besides, all men  
seeke to him; serue, ho-  
nour, and applaud him.  
O happy be! He hath an  
Heaven upon Earth;  
that thus hath the World  
at will. Fooles! that con-  
ceit those happy, whose  
Miseries they conceiue  
not.



not. They view the Painting, but not the Rotteness : See the best by them, but know not the worst is within them. You behold laughter in the Face ; but you now consider not the Heart is heavy : You reckon what Pleasures, Profits, Honours ; but thinke not what Feares, Cares, Discontents. An honest poore Man would not haue the rich Gluttons Estate, to haue his Mind. The one hath little, and wants little ; the other wants as much as he hath : The

one

one could eat, and he had  
it ; the other bath it, and  
cannot eat : Theres health  
and hunger ; heres plenty  
and paine : This is alway  
timorous, that other still  
secure : This is Free, the  
other Bond : This sleepest,  
while the other wakes.  
Many a poore Man hath  
made merry with a belly  
full of Bread and Water ;  
and after slept soundly  
vpon an hard Cra.ch :  
while many a Rich man  
bath sighed bitterly at a  
Banquet of Wine ; and  
waked carefully vpon a  
Bed of Downe.

Alas

Alas poore man, and perplexed ! his last Nights ill rest hath made him an early riser : He is soone vp, and full sore at his Devotion. A man indeed is he of a daily deuotion; but of no Religion : for he scarce comes to Church about once a Quarter. What need he trauell to sacrifice ; or come abroad to worship ? hee hath a Chappell in his Chest, and a God of his owne, his MAMMON. Each Part of his Body, and Power of his Soule; hath

hath he commanded, (as  
did that *King* his Sub-  
jects) that they forth-  
with fall downe, and  
worship the GOLDEN-  
IMAGE. Hee scornes  
and contemnes blinde,  
and sluggish B A A L;  
Assc-headed A N A M E-  
L E C H; D A G O N the  
deceitfull; and the vn-  
mercifull M O L E C H:  
calls B A A L-Z E B U B  
but a Flie-catcher; and  
thinks B E L L and D R A-  
G O N but Gluttons  
both. He calls none  
Good, but God: and of  
Gods, none more than  
M A M-

M A M M O N, the God of Goods. Other Gods are either chargeable, or not beneficiall ; but as for him ( to make good the Devills words ) hee serves not his God for nought: Only he is oft times perplext ; lest ( with L A B A N ) he might at any time lose his God: His God ( he knowes ) is Currant ; and therefore tis his greatest care to keepe it. Yea and his Gods are so many of the same Matter and Mould ; that all his Service is to number

ber them. Hce makes much of his Mony, for the Figures sake, more than for the Vse : and thinks he hath it to ingrosse, rather than to imploy. Euery New Peece is a new Picture of his Worship : which at first he examines by the Balance of his best Beleefe ; and after admits it as an Image of his Adoration. He well saw his Superstition, who called the Couetous Man an IDOLATOUR. Why did God oppose himselfe to MAMMON? but  
for

for that they who serue  
MAMMON, oppose them-  
selues to God : He there-  
fore told them truly ;  
Ye cannot serue God,  
and Mammon.  
Of all others then, none  
so thwartly idolatrous, as  
the Couetous. Others haue  
worshipped the Creatures  
of Gods making ; but  
these the Works of their  
owne hands : Now by how  
much the Workes of God  
are more worthy, than the  
bandy Workes of Men ;  
by so much is this kinde of  
Idolatry more euill and  
otious,

odious, than the other. Nor  
is the Couetous Man more  
spiritually Idolatrous ;  
than ciuilly Slauish. The  
Drosse is but base ; but  
the Couetous Mans Af-  
fections are baser than the  
Drosse : Else, how could  
he vnder-value himselfe  
to it ? vlesse he saw some-  
what in it, more worthy  
than himselfe. They call  
him the Mony-Master ;  
but you may call it the  
Master-Money : For  
which he toyles Night  
and Day ; bides Heat and  
Cold ; runnes through  
Fire and Water ; hazards  
Body



Body and Soule. Silly  
Slave ! thus to become a  
Drudge to his Servant:  
As not possessing, but pos-  
sessed rather; not using  
it, but imploied himselfe:  
not daring to dispend it,  
as a Master over it; but  
faine to guard it., as a  
Servant to it.: whereof he  
hath the trouble only of  
the Custody; but no pro-  
fit of the Inioyment.

All the day long; and  
yet neither idle, nor  
well imploied. Yet  
makes he Time very  
pretious to him: For he  
( together with his  
Coyne )

Coyne ) lets time also  
out to Interest. His Mo-  
ny flies out ( like Stales,  
or Quoyes ) to fetch in  
more : And ( cleane  
contrary to Natures rule,  
or practice ) hee makes  
euen senselesse things  
to generate their like.  
What a Monster now is  
a Mony-breeder, that  
brings forth thus against  
Nature ? The Greekes  
not vnaptly call Vsury  
by the name of a Birth: be-  
cause there a Penny be-  
gets a Penny, and a  
Pound brings forth a  
Pound. Now what need  
Gods

Gods Creatures increase and multiply for the use of Man : since Man can make these Creatures of his owne, increase thus beside God, to enrich himselfe ? An Usurer thus accuses both God and Nature, of ignorance and improuidence ; in that he hath found out more waies of aduantage, than euer they ordained. Of tame Beasts, take heed of an Usurer ; he is an old Ape, a subtle Fox, and rauens more than a Tigre, Lion, Wolfe or Beare. Marke what hurt hee does

does you, when you  
are the most beholden  
to him. What an Vsur-  
er lets out, he parts  
with but for a time ;  
but the other must  
quite part with, what  
comes in againe. Doe  
you not know, you  
may haue another  
mans Mony so long in  
your hands ; till you  
come to haue none of  
your owne ? You so  
may soon conuert your  
whole Estate into Debt.  
It is a Rule more experi-  
enced, than obserued ;  
*All that an Vsurer hath,*  
is

is in other Mens hands:  
till all that other Men  
haue, be in his. Take an  
Vsurers Mony into your  
hands; and you take a  
Serpent into your bosome:  
It stings like an Aspe,  
makes you sleepe insensi-  
bly, and you neuer after  
awake your owne Man:  
It eats like a Canker, eue-  
ry sound Part: and burns  
like a Fire, while any  
Fewell lasts. But not-  
withstanding, what a  
sort of Idiots daily  
seeke, and sue to him,  
to vndoe themselves?  
Nay they thinke, pro-  
mise,

maile, witnesse themselves beholden to him, for their owne vndoing. The plaine Country Fellow comes in with a couple of Capons ; the Gentle Man with a goodly Gelding; the Grazier with a fat Oxe ; and the Great Man with a brace of Bucks. And hee takes these now, with Condition of what he must haue hereafter. They must first freely take his Seruant by the hand ; after, as kindly salute his Wife ; and so they

S

make

make way to whisper  
 himselfe in the care. He  
 now takes them apart ;  
 pleasures them with  
 the Presse-mony of en-  
 gagement and thral-  
 dome to a Churle ;  
 charmes them with a  
 Number, and set Forme  
 of words ; binds them  
 with their owne Hands ;  
 and ( perhaps ) at last  
 hires others hands to  
 lay hold vpon them.  
*Oh damned Vsurry, and  
 detested ! Whether Vsu-  
 rry directly, or indirectly ;  
 yet directly damned. What  
 is it at the best, but a ne-  
 cessary*

cessary Evil ; like a Woman, which a Man can neither well haue, nor want : but an undoing Benefit ; like an ill Seruant, that eats more, than he earne : but a tolerated Theft ; Like a Sore, that is suffered, only to preuent a worse Disease : But as it is made ; what it is, but the Spoyle, and Shipwracke of Estates, and States ? Of Estates ; for how Many haue beene thus impouerisht, to enrich One ? Of States ; for how should a Private Wealth, but hurt the



*Common-Wealth.*

But (thinke you) is  
an Usurer all he is ?  
Tush Man ! hee's any  
thing for Aduantage.  
Any Gaine is good,  
how ere it be got. Em-  
perour-like, hee smells  
Gaine well from Pisse  
and Stale : nay Pope-  
like, embraces it sweetly  
from the Stewes. He  
takes vp all Trades to  
thrive on : Now a La-  
boure, now a Farmer,  
now an Artificer, now  
a Merchant, now an  
Officer : now an In-  
grosser, and sells all by  
whole

whole sale ; now an  
Haberdasher of small  
wares, and sells all by  
retale. Nay worse  
than these ; An Infor-  
mer, Promoter, Pet-  
ty-fogger, a Pillager,  
Poller, Toller, a Mono-  
polizer, Market-mon-  
ger, Corne-hoorder,  
Huckster, Broker, Re-  
gratour, a Mounte-  
banke, Catchpole, Cut-  
purse, Carder, Cheater ;  
and many such more  
than good: Of such like  
Trade, or rather Craft ;  
which turne the In-  
dustry of Nature, and

Inuention of Art, into  
no better but Deceit,  
and Wrong. There are  
many wayes for a Man  
to enrich himselfe, with-  
out his Ruill. A due Time,  
and good Meanes, will  
bring in Gaine enough,  
to no Mans losse. That  
only is well got, for which  
no Man is the worse. A  
Man ought both to labour  
in, and liue by his Calling.  
And may (doubtlesse) so  
wisely, and iustly con-  
triuie his Affaires, as to doe  
himselfe good thereby, and  
no body hurt. And there-  
fore are vocations of  
Men

Men well inuented : Men  
only abuse them, when  
they make ill Inuentions,  
their Vocations. When  
Men will not labour, for  
that is painfull ; when  
Men will not venter, for  
that is doubtfull : But will  
rather defraud and cir-  
cumuent, taking it to be  
easily and certainly gain-  
full : Having neither the  
Patience, nor Honesty to  
expect, till Time, and in-  
dustry may aduantage  
them ; But having a  
reach beyond both, to rise  
of a sudden : And so they  
be hastily, they care not

*how uniuſtly rich.*

Nay but I now come  
neere the Man, that is  
ſo neere himſelfe. Why  
(God be thanked) Man,  
thou haſt enough. E-  
nough? No, no; For-  
tune hath giuen to him  
(as ſhe hath to Many)  
too much: but hath  
not giuen him (as ſhee  
hath to None) Enough.  
Enough? Thereſ two  
of the Enoughs. (hee  
ſayes) and his (hee  
thinkes) is little E-  
nough. It mattereth  
not, how much hee  
hath with another;  
ſith

sith it seemes but small  
vnto himselfe. Little, or  
Much, it skilleth not;  
Little would haue no  
lesse, and Much would  
still haue more. And  
therefore, his Hooke  
hangs continually, and  
all is Fish, that comes to  
his Net : He hath a  
Plow in euery Mans  
Field ; an Iron in euery  
mans Fire ; and an Oare  
in euery mans Boat.  
Like a hungry Dogge,  
he gapes at euery Bit,  
and snatches at euery  
Bone : Like a greedy  
Kite, ere hee haue yet

S s quite

quite swallowed the first gobbet; he gapes and creekes for another. At once puls one Hand vnto him, with what he hath gotten; and keeps close his Fist; and opens the other Hand, and holds it out for more. He labours of a Discale, the remedy whereof does rather increase the malady: a Feuer, a Dropfie, a Doggish Appetite. Meat makes him but hungry; and the more he drinks, the dryer he is; and all you can apply, addes but

but Fewell to augment  
his Fire. The Serpent  
*Situla* hath stung him,  
and (doe what you can)  
heele die of an vn-  
quenchable Thirst.  
Powre in while you  
will, his Mouth is like  
a Sieue, or Tunnell; still  
open and empty: and  
all that is put in, doth  
rather stretch out, than  
fill vp. his Belly. *All o-  
ther Desires of men, rest  
satisfied in their accom-  
plishment: This hungry  
desire of Having only,  
the more it is fulfilled, it  
is enlarged. The Beasts  
can*



can forthwith suffice  
their Appetites, only this  
beastly Appetite of Man  
will not bee satisfi'd. What  
shall I call this Couetous-  
nesse? a Ditch, a Graue, a  
Gulfe, a Whore, a Hell :  
infinite all, and insati-  
ate altogether. The  
Daughter of the  
Horseleach still cries;  
Giue, Giue : but  
neuer saith, It is  
Enough. He that lo-  
ueth Siluer, is doomed  
not to bee satisfied with  
Siluer. For, Couetousnesse  
is

is the Hunger of the Soule; and Mony is but a corporall Sustenance: It may well then fill his Purse; but shall neuer suffice his Mind. The Covetous Man that loueth abundance, shall not be satisf'd with Increase: Because the loue of his riches increaseth together with the Heape. A Poore man hath little, and wants little: a Rich man hath much, and wants more than he hath. The One rests content with what he hath; and thus is hee filled

filled with good  
Things : The Other  
coueteth to haue more ;  
and so is he sent empty  
away. How much bet-  
ter is it, to bee Full with  
little ; than Empty in the  
midst of much ? And how  
are they Riches ; which  
once increasing, Pouerty  
is increased also ? That  
Man is Rich, not that  
bath much ; but that  
wants little : And he wants  
the lesse, that bath the  
least. He that bath but lit-  
tle, esteemes well of a little  
Profit : but he that bath  
much,

much, sets light by a small  
Gaine; because he looks  
for more. The Man that  
desires many things, to  
him a Many things seeme  
a Few: but he that is con-  
tent with few things, to  
him doe euen a Few things  
seeme a Many. A Beggar  
thinkes him rich with a  
Penny; a Rich man scarce  
thinkes him so with a  
Pound. Many a Man hath  
thought such a Thing too  
much for him, before hee  
had it: which when hee  
hath, hee now thinkes it  
not enough. The Reason  
is, because he so seekes to  
haue,

haue, as that he sees not what he hath. Hee sees not, how he hath, what others want : but thinks he wants, what another hath. What another hath, he wants; yea and wants what he hath himselfe. But, he that will haue what he hath, and haue enough; Let him not get more, but craue lesse: For the only way to make a Man Rich, is not to augment his Substance; but rather lessen his Desire. He that eats much, and is not filled; that drinkes oft, and is not slaked: Ex-  
pletion

pletion but increases the Malady ; and there is no way to cure him, but by Purgation. A Man cannot haue all that he will ; this he may, he may nill what he hath not. He that would but a little, may soone haue all he would. I will desire no more, when I would be sure to haue my Desire.

What ( I maruell ) would the Man doe with more ? Hee hath more already than is well bestowed, or than he well knowes how to bestow. It is his Goods Increase

Increase he minds only,  
not their Use. How unworthy  
is he of the Talent,  
that binds it in a Nap-  
kin, and hides it in the  
Ground? What is he bet-  
ter to have a thing and  
use it not, which is no-  
thing but the use? What  
then would the Man  
with more Wealth?  
What? I'll answer for  
him; provide for an  
hard Winter, and keepe  
in store against a deare  
Yeare: ( yea it is the  
thought of an hard Win-  
ter, makes him he dare  
not inioy the Summer.)

He

He will therefore ( he  
sayes ) so dine, as he may  
sup; and so goe to day,  
as he may to morrow.  
Yea ( Oh misery, and fol-  
ly of Men! ) therefore  
will he certainly scant  
himselfe; lest perhaps  
he may be scanted: and  
want that alwayes,  
which he feares he may  
sometimes want. But  
would you know why  
he yet so scrapes and  
heapes? His most end is;  
He therfore would haue  
more, that others might  
haue lesse: Otherwise,  
he is not satisfied, while  
there



there is any thing beside him. Hee advises himselfe in this case (as a *Tyrant* did his Officers) to consider how many things he wants; and to see that no other haue any thing but he. What he hath, doth himselfe no good, doth others hurt: for he hath it purposely to keepe it from others, rather than keepe it for himselfe. Like the *Dragon* that kept the Golden Apples; and that other that kept the Golden Fleece: Like the *Griffins* in the *Hyper-*

*Hyperborean* Moun-  
taines, that had no vse  
of the Gold and preci-  
ous Stones were there;  
yet would suffer none  
to take them thence. Or  
(to compare him with  
what hee's acquainted  
with) like a Dogge on  
a Hay-Mow, he lies  
there not to eat him-  
selfe, but to keepe the  
Cattle from their Meat:  
Yea like a Daw, hides  
Mony, not that he hath  
need of it, but that o-  
thers might not find it. A  
*Covetous Man doth good*  
*to none, no not himselfe :*  
*doth*

doth hurt to himselfe, and  
all: Wife, nor Children  
are the better for him;  
for whom Neighbours,  
and Strangers are the  
worse. He counts it an  
indignitie, to haue Equals  
neere him; and a miserie  
to haue Neighbours by  
him: And could wish  
there were no more men  
in the World but he; that  
so he might haue a World  
vnto himselfe. ADAM  
(hee thinkes) was well  
blest, when there was no  
more to inhabit a whole  
Earth but hee: but now  
(hee sayes) the World is  
waxt

waxt so populous, that  
 men haue much adoe to  
 liue one by another. His  
 endlesse coueting hath  
 made his Possessions  
 boundlesse: And yet (bee  
 thinkes) he scarce hath  
 enough; when bee now  
 knowes not what he hath.  
 I will now say to him, and  
 all; and so as my words  
 are warranted: Goe to  
 now yerich Men (ye  
 that ioyne House to  
 House, and Field to  
 Field; till there be  
 no roome left for  
 the

the Poore ) weepe,  
and howle for your  
miserie that shall  
come vpon you ; your  
riches are corrupted,  
and your garments  
moth-eaten : your  
Gold and Silver is  
cankered, and the  
rust thereof shall be  
a wicnesse against  
you, and shall eat  
your flesh as it were  
Fire : you haue hea-  
ped up treasures to-  
gether

gether for the last  
dayes. Vnbhappy Wealth,  
and euill ! that doth no  
good to those that haue  
it not ; and doth hurt  
to those that haue it :  
Troubling their Liues,  
blotting their Consci-  
ences, damning their  
Soules : and from a  
hell they made vnto them-  
selues ; bringing them to  
the Hell prepared for  
them.

Oh cry him mercy !  
he disclaimes him that  
can claime any thing of  
him ; that can say What,

T

or

or Whom he hath Oppressed, vndermined, polled, ingrated, spoyled, cheated, circumvented, or extorted. Whose House hath he hired from ouer his head, or Field from vnder his hands; or snatcht his meat from out his mouth, or pull'd his Raiment from off his backe: Hath hee beene a carelesse Executor, an vnequall Arbitratour, an vniust Guardian? Whose Wages hath hee with-held? Whose Estate hath he intan-

intangled? Whose Feof-  
ment hath hee im-  
bezilled? Whose Pledge  
hath he not restored?  
What Promise hath he  
not performed? and  
what Debt hath he not  
discharged? Or who can  
say, this was his, or is, or  
so ought to be? He de-  
fies a World; what he  
hath, he came honestly  
by, and it is his owne.  
His Neighbour (for  
what he ever wrought,  
or thought against  
him) hath yet both  
Houle, Wife, Child, Ser-  
vant, Oxe, Ass, and



euery thing that is his. Excellent Pharisee ! He hath kept the Commandements : But one thing is lacking ; let him goe and sell all that he hath, and giue vnto the Poore. He is iustifi'd (he thinkes ) because he hath done no man Wrong : Not knowing he is guilty, for that he hath done good to none. Others did he neuer injure ; and so he is free (he perswades him) not considering he is bound to succour others. Call him Couetous ;

rous ; and he tells you,  
 he neuer held others  
 from their owne : But  
 I tell him, he is Coue-  
 tous ; because he holds  
 his owne from others.  
*Not only he that greedily  
 inuades anothers, but he  
 that niggardly detaines  
 his owne, he also is Coue-  
 tous. He hath slaine, that  
 saues not ; he hath burt,  
 that helpes not ; he hath  
 spoyled, that rewards not ;  
 he hath starued, that che-  
 rishes not ; he hath stript,  
 that cloaths not : and he  
 that hath not giuen, euen  
 he hath taken away. The*

Fault is no lesse his, that bestowes not on him that hath not; than his, that exacts from him that hath. The Corne which thou hoordest, is the Bread of the hungry; the Wooll and Flax which thou transportest, is the Cloth of the naked; the Gold and Siluer which thou dost so heape and hide, is the Price of the Poore: HE that wisely gaue it thee for them; shall once ( in their behalfe ) as seuerely require it of thee, and thy like: *I was an*  
hun-

hungred, and ye gaue  
me no meat ; I was  
thirsty, and ye gaue  
me no drinke ; I was  
a Stranger, and yee  
tooke mee not in ;  
Naked, and yee  
cloathed mee not ;  
sicke, and in Pri-  
son, and yee visited  
me not.

Nay and you talke  
of Giuing, he is gone :  
This is ( he sayes ) no  
World to Giue ; him-  
selfe is ( as others are )

on the Taking hand.  
Quite of another mind  
from the *Scripture* ; It  
is a more blessed thing  
( he sayes ) to Receiue,  
than to Giue : And  
( cleane contrary to  
the *Prince*, that thought  
that day lost, in which  
he had giuen nothing )  
he thinkes it all lost, in  
that day that he giues.  
You cannot beat Boun-  
ty into his Braines with  
a Beetle. A very Truant  
is he ( and you examine  
him ) at a lesson of Libe-  
rality : and if you take in  
hand to tutour him ;  
he

he makes any excuse,  
takes any occasion to  
busie him otherwise,  
than about his Booke.  
You would not thinke  
how hee delayes the  
Dole to the Poore; and  
what Shifts he hath to  
shun a Beggar. If he but  
suspect there sits a needy  
Crauer neare to such a  
Corner; he there either  
turnes another way, or  
lookes another way:  
He either mends his  
Pace, chats to his Com-  
panion, or makes him-  
selfe musing on some  
hasty Matter: Now li-

T 5      stens

stens he to the other  
side, and the Poore man  
is on his deafe eare. It is  
not the first, and a faint  
asking will auaike him  
any thing ; hee must  
dogge him to it, for  
what he does. But if  
you once come so neare  
him, and follow him  
so fast, that hee must  
needes take notice  
though not of Your  
Want, yet of your  
Noyse: he neuer stands  
*Iesuitically* to equivo-  
cate with you; *I haue it*  
*not* that is (he meanes)  
*not for you*: but tels you  
blunt

blunt out at once ; I  
have not for you. Aske  
him a Farthing, and he  
sayes a Farthing is too  
little for him to giue ;  
aske a Shilling, and hee  
replies, a Shilling is too  
much for you to re-  
ceiue : Aske more, or  
lesse ; he minds to serue  
you with a matter of  
nothing. Tell him you'l  
pray for him, if hee'l be  
pleased to giue ; and he  
tells you, hee can haue  
Prayers better cheape :  
Say you'le pray for him,  
whether hee'le giue or  
no ; and hee'le trust you  
(he



( he sayes ) for once.  
( A poore Cauill is it,  
to flout out anothers  
Necessitie. ) And yet he  
thinkes, he hath thus  
put you off with as  
good a Grace, and as  
much Credit; as ano-  
ther could haue plea-  
sured you. But if hee  
be drawne to Giue, he  
giues so difficultly, so  
frowningly, with such  
vpbraidings and reui-  
lings; that he giues you  
a Fish, and a Serpent at  
once; and together  
with Bread, he puts a  
Stone into your Poke.

You

You had better bee without his Gift ; it is not so Sweet in the ha-ving, as bitter in the re-ceiving . Salute him with a Suit ; and hee stamps that he cannot stay to heare you : Hee now turnes, and talkes to cuery one that comes by him : and cries, I come Sir, to any one that but opens the case-ment toward him. Pre-sent him with your Pe-tition, and he puts you to petition the second time for an answer to the first : Heele put on  
his

his considering Cap,  
and bids you come a-  
gaine for an answer :  
and so you must spend  
more Time , . Labour,  
Cost, for ( perhaps )  
a further Delay ; or  
( more likely ) a flat  
Deniall. The Churle  
hates to be Poore ; nor  
would he willingly be  
thought Rich : verity-  
ing the Saying ; *He had  
rather be rich indeed, than  
so accounted.* ( Contrary  
to many wauering Cre-  
dit-mongers, that seeke  
to be so accounted ; ha-  
uing scarce wherewith

to make vp their accounts. ) Especially, how little doth hee let by himselfe at a Leuie, Sessment, Loane, Tax, or Subsidie ? And all is because hee would doe as little good as hee could, to King, Church, and Poore. He abhors to be charged with an Office of Charge : will Fine for a City Sheriffe ; and will be ready to cut his owne throat, to be made Sheriffe of a Shire. He hates Papistrie for one Point especially, because they teach, A  
Man

Man may merit Salvation by his Works : He heares it, but he cannot belecue it ; No, no, his Hope is, Faith will come to saue him, though Charity be away. *Oh Charity, Charity ! thou faire Fruit of the Faithfull ; and laudable witnesse of a Soule Sanctifi'd : Oh thou that art the Greatest of all Graces for Abilung ; where dost thou now abide ? O Loue ! O Dove ! to whither hast thou taken thy Wings ? How art thou flown out of the Arke of a wretched World ?*  
how

how art thou gone out  
from vs, not to returne  
vnto vs? Alas! how is  
thy beauty stained,  
Strength weakned, light  
darkned, and Heat cool-  
ed? Helpe, Ob helpe!  
come once againe vnto vs,  
and do some good amongst  
vs: Now thou art gone,  
theres no good to be done.  
The Hungry pine, while  
there is none to feed  
them; the Naked starue,  
while there is none to  
cloath them; The Sicke  
languish, while there is  
none to visit them; the  
Captiues call and cry,  
while

while there is none to deliver them ; the Poore complaine, while there is none to right, or pittie them. No man remembreth the Afflictions of I O S E P H. Neuer more need of an A N G E L to conuay Sustainance to him prisoned in the Den ; or of a R A V E N to fetch Food for him banished in the Wildernesse: For, L A B A N diminishes the Wages of I A C O B ; N A B A L will not part with a crumme of Bread, or a drop of water to the Son of I S H A I ; and D I-

VES denyes LAZARVS  
 to dine with his Dogges.  
 Who releues him with a  
 Penny, whom CHRIST  
 redeemed with his Blood?  
 Who thrusts not out  
 CHRIST in a stranger,  
 rather than takes in a  
 Stranger for CHRIST  
 his sake? As the swinish  
 GERGASENES thrust  
 CHRIST out of their  
 Coasts: So with a many  
 boggish Churles, away  
 with the Begger (the stur-  
 dy I meane not, but the  
 needy) to the next Consta-  
 ble, Stocks, House of Cor-  
 rection. Their care is but  
 to



*to be rid of them ; they  
care not to releue them.*

Oh ho, now I haue  
him. Could you not  
thinke all this while, to  
what end he is so great  
a gatherer ? You must  
not thinke What onely,  
but Whom he is to  
leaue behind him. Hee  
hath laid vp ( with the  
*Glutton in the Gospell* )  
*for many Yeares :*  
Yea and ( beyond him  
too ) for more Yeares  
than his owne. Iust  
one of them, that  
*Haue their Porti-*  
*on*

*on in this Life, and  
leau the rest of their  
Substance for their  
Babes.* It is a Fatherly  
affection that vrges him  
thus to scrape and heap:  
A Father ( he thinkes )  
does not halfe loue his  
Children as he ought;  
that plots not by all  
meanes to make them  
rich. To beget Chil-  
dren, and bestow them,  
is ( thinks he ) a Fathers  
Whole : and to endow  
them largely is the only  
Education. *Better not  
beget, than beget to Beg-  
gery;*

gery; is an Apothegme  
of his owne: but the  
old Rule he remem-  
bers not; *Better vn-  
borne, than vntaught.*  
No matter for Instructi-  
on, they shall haue  
Wealth enough. Goods  
are more than Good-  
nesse: What cares he  
whether they learne to  
liue well; his care is to  
leauē them well to liue.  
It is all one to be such  
an ones Hogge, Horse,  
Dogge; as his Sonne.  
Nay, his Hoggēs shall  
haue a Swineheard, his  
Horse a Rider, his  
Dogges

Dogges a Futurer ; but  
no Tutor for his Child.  
He will haue a Shep-  
heard in his Field, a  
Bayly in his yard ; but  
scarce a Minister in his  
parish : A Clarke for his  
Bonds, a Steward ouer  
his lands ; but no  
Schoolemaster to his  
Sonnes. He will looke  
that his land be well  
manured ; but respects  
not though he that  
must haue it, be neuer  
so ill mannered. What an  
Idiot it is, thus to decke  
and dresse the Seruant ;  
whose master notwith-  
standing

standing must be but a  
Slouen. Oh their base-  
nesse, and folly! Lesse Cul-  
ture shall be bestowed vp-  
on the Owner ; then vp-  
on his Possessions. Sonnes  
or Daughters ; No mat-  
ter what they are, but  
what they haue : Be shee  
blacke , shee's Penny  
white ; be she crooked,  
her Wealth will make her  
strait ; be she neuer so  
bad , her Goods are e-  
nough to make her Good  
Be he base , hee's Gold  
Noble ; Be he sheepish  
he hath a Golden Fleece  
be his Demeanour neuer

so foule, he hath a faire  
 Demeanes. What Vn-  
 comelinesse or Euill will  
 not Wealth make a man  
 winke at ? O Fooles !  
 Whether is better, and to  
 be preferred ; Wealth, or  
 Instruction ? the one a  
 grosse Heape, the other a  
 rare Endowment ; the one  
 as vile to the other ; as is  
 the Body to the Minde.  
 And whether is worse, and  
 rather to be despised ; a  
 Begger, or a Foole ? the  
 one hath no Mony, the  
 other hath no Wit ; and  
 what the one wants of a  
 Rich man, the other wants  
 of a Man. V And

And is it He, for  
whom thou dost so  
toyle, and plod? Like  
thy Oxe and Assethen,  
thou art not for thy  
selfe. Thou art but the  
Conduit-Pipe, and he  
the Cesterne: It comes  
thorow thine hands, but  
is laid vp for him. Thou  
therefore makest thee  
poore, to make him rich.  
And what good will it  
do thee when thou art  
gone, that thou leav'st a  
rich Heyre behind? Yea,  
more Rich (perhaps)  
than Good. Thou hast  
gained for him, and so  
hast

hast lost thine owne Soule. Did it DIVES any good, that his Brethren (after him) lived merrily; and (great-like) of his Goods? Say they dranke Wine in Bowles; yet neuerthelesse his Tongue was tormented in that Flame. When thou diest miserably, what art thou the better that thy Children liue neuer so brauely? What is it, that they beget iollity to them, and horroure to thy Selfe? Hereby haue they Pleasure perhaps, but it but short: but



thou hast torment both  
certaine, and endlesse. A  
wealthy Sonne profiteth  
not a guilty Father: No,  
though he would giue all  
he left him, for Masses,  
Dirges, Pardons, and  
Prayers; it could not  
(what ere Men faine) re-  
deeme his Soule from Hell.  
Indeed, Happy (they  
say) is he, whose Father  
is in Hell. For (say they  
againc) A rich man is  
either a bad man, or  
a bad mans Heire. If  
himselc be bad, it will  
once goe worse with  
him: but if he only be  
heire

heire to a bad man ; he  
 is happier himfelfe, in  
 that his Father is gone  
 to the Deuill for him.  
 Yet further ; What faift  
 thou, but another after  
 thee may proue as la-  
 uifh, as thou haft beene  
 fcraping ; as riotous, as  
 thou fparing ; and may  
 fcatrer that in a Yeare,  
 which tooke thee a Life  
 to gather: and what pro-  
 fit haft thou, that thou  
 haft laboured for the  
 Wind ? Tis true, and  
 iuft ; both faid, and  
 Found : *After a great*  
*Getter, there commonly*

comes a Spender. Goods  
ill gotten, are ill spent: The  
First Heire may haue  
them, and a Second per-  
haps; all which a Third  
scarce comes to beare of.

Nay but ( I now be-  
thinke me ) thou hast  
never an Heire: For  
whom is it now thou  
dost so toyle, and irke,  
yea and damne thy selfe?  
Thou knowest, thou  
must not haue them;  
and who must haue  
them, thou knowest not.  
Perhaps, one that neuer  
knew thee, or will neuer  
thanke thee. H E puts  
thee

thee in minde of such  
thy Frailty, and Folly at  
once: *Man Wal-*  
*keth in a vaine Sha-*  
*dow, and disquieteth*  
*himselfe in vaine :*  
*he heapeth vp riches,*  
*and cannot tell who*  
*shall gather them.*

Tush ! why tell you  
him ? If no Body will  
lay claime to it ; let it fall  
to the King, Church,  
Commons, Poore of  
the Parish. But for feare  
of such a Forfeit, thou  
hast chosen thee an Heire

V 4 vnto

Vnto thy selfe: One that thou louest well; yea better it seemes than thine owne Soule. One that loues thee well; and well he may, and it be but for the loue hee hath to thine. He cannot chuse but loue thee horribly, while he loues Thine so impatiently: That is, he could wish Thee, and Thine at once, both hang'd, and had: yea, to haue Thine, what cares he to curse Thee to Hell? He is one of the same Name (I am sure) though

though not one of the  
 Kinne. So, so; Keepe the  
 Houle howloeuver in the  
 same Name; belike the  
 Line was not worthy  
 of it. A B S O L O N hath  
 no Childe for his Name  
 to liue in; shall he rot  
 therefore out of remem-  
 brance? no, not while  
 A B S O L O N S Pillar  
 stands. If he haue no  
 Monument of his  
 Loynes; he can haue a  
 Pillar of his Name: and  
 thats enough to vphold  
 his Houle. *This is one of  
 the last, but not the least  
 follies of Men; to let a Title*  
 V s carry

carry it, before the Right:  
To make Kinsmen Strangers, and a Kinsman of a Stranger : With the whole Price of an Heirdome, to buy the Name of an Heire ; or an Heire of the Name : To purchase a lying Affinity with a costly kinde of Adoption. Nay but the Heire that must be, is a Poore Sisters Sonne : The poore rag'd Knaue ( I can tell you ) is like to be Lord of all, He shall one day owne all that is his Vncles ; though his Vncle now scarce will owne him.

him. Not a Farthing  
will he allow him to  
educate, and maintaine  
him; though leave him  
all at last, to waste per-  
haps, or else in grosse.  
You shall finde him for  
the first in his Will;  
which neuer was suffe-  
red to sit the last at his  
Table. *It is the manner*  
*of the Couetous, to part*  
*with nothing while they*  
*liue; no not to those, to*  
*whom they mind to leaue*  
*all at their Death.* While  
he liues, all is too little  
for himselfe; but let him  
take all to him, when he  
dies.



dies. His Heire is now  
beholden to him, not  
for what he hath be-  
stowed; but for what  
he could not keepe:  
And will therefore  
thanke him, when he  
shall not heare him; will  
pray for him when it  
shall doe him no good.  
Thou now liest gas-  
ping, and thine Heire is  
gaping: Euery looke he  
lets vpon thee, accuses  
the slownesse of thy  
Death: For he thinkes  
it his Wrong and Hurt  
that thou liuest. Hee  
sighs and wailes before  
thee,

thee, not that he cares  
 for thy losse; but hopes  
 for thy Gaine: How he  
 howles and blubbers,  
 while thy hands quake,  
 Teeth gnash, Eyes close,  
 Breath stops, Heart  
 choaks, and Soule flits;  
 & all, not so much that  
 thou art now dead, as  
 that thou diedst not ere  
 this. *No Mans Death is*  
*more desired, than the Co-*  
*uctous Mans: It is al-*  
*wayes expected, plotted*  
*often, yea and sometimes*  
*untimely effected. All*  
*therefore wish him dead;*  
*because (like the Hog in*  
*the*

*the Pot* ) he doth good to none, but after his Death.

Well, thou'lt therefore shake off these Shadows ; and mind'st (I heare) to build some Hospitall, Schoole, Colledge; or doe some charitable Deed withall. Sayes he so ? The Man liues poore (I perceiue) with purpose to die rich : and dies rich, to doe good after his Death. Yea, then doe Good, when he can doe no longer hurt. He hath robbed *Peter* all his Life and will now pay *Paul*

at his Death. That is no  
 Liberalitie to giue, when  
 he can no longer haue: no  
 Charitie to releue one,  
 with what he hath wre-  
 sted from another: no  
 Pietie to doe Euill, that  
 Good may come thereof:  
 and no Equitie to get ill,  
 with a purpose to bestow  
 it well. I would not wish  
 thee to goe to Hell all  
 thy Life, with an intent  
 to win Heauen after thy  
 Death. Dost thou of-  
 fend still, with purpose  
 to make amends?  
 Wealths well bestowing,  
 is not enough for the  
 Fault

*Fault in the getting. Satisfaction may appease the Hurt ; it cannot wipe away the Guilt of Fraud, or Oppression. But if thou wilt doe Good withall ; I would aduise thee to doe it, while thou hast it in thine hand to doe. Doe well with it, while it is yet thine : What thanks is it to thee, what Good is done with it, when thou hast left it. Doe then resigne it, before thou must needs bequeath it. Thou hadst as good doe Good by thy selfe, as others. Euen now*

now feed and cloath the  
Poore, that their Loynes  
and Bowels may blesse  
thee, before thou diest.  
*He is but a silly Traueller,*  
*that so orders for his Jour-*  
*ney, as to haue his Proui-*  
*sion sent after him, when*  
*himselfe is already gone*  
*so farre before : He may*  
*well want it, ere it ouer-*  
*take him. Good Workes*  
*goe merrily with, or be-*  
*fore vs : they follow but*  
*slowly afterwards.*

I dreame but too  
well of him ; theres no  
such matter he meanes.  
He meanes ( as Hermo-  
crates )

*crates* ) to make himselfe his owne Heire :  
and wishes still that his  
Goods might fall by  
succession to himselfe.  
Or else ( with *Another* )  
will he deuoure his  
Gold before his Death ;  
and so bury it in him :  
Or ( with such *Another* )  
sow it in his Sleec, and  
appoint it to be buried  
with him. *Ah this be-  
witching Wealth ! ha this  
Gold, this Gold ! how it  
ties Mens Hearts vnto  
it ? Once Couetous, and  
alwayes so. Auarice is com-  
monly the Vice of old Age.*  
*Whereas*

*Whereas other vices then  
fade, this grows afresh. And  
as it begins with Age, so it  
ends not but with Life.*

*A Couetous Man growes  
the sonder of his Gold, the  
sooner he must forgoe it:  
Yea, when it must needs  
Leaue him; euen then is  
he loth to leaue it.*

*I haue now said so  
much of thee, that I had  
almost forgotten my  
selfe. Who (thinkst  
thou) am I? Euen no  
better than I would;  
no other than thou  
oughtst to be. Will I  
(like thee) abase mine  
Affecti-*



Affections vnto Earth;  
when I am bound to  
ayme at nothing vnder  
Heauen? To what can  
I steepe to in a World,  
that am aboue a World?  
I am more worthy, than  
to welcome base Pelfe  
vnto me, so as to wor-  
ship it: My Minde came  
from Heauen; My Gold  
comes but from Earth:  
I doe not meane to let  
Earth aboue Heauen, in  
letting my Gold ouer-  
rule my Minde. If it  
will dwell with me, it  
shall be my Seruant; I  
intend to bee no Slave  
vnto

th; vnto it. Riches can I  
to contemne, and not de-  
der fire, and vse : can vse  
can the World, as though I  
rld, vsed it not ; can passe  
rld? by this present Life ; be-  
man cause I am to passe  
elfe through it to another,  
or- to a better Life. Yea, can  
me content me with a pre-  
old sent Scantnesse, for hope  
th; of the Fulnesse I am to  
set haue hereafter. It is not  
in an Earth that I would ;  
er- nor can an Earth suffice  
it and appease my Will.  
it My Heart is a true fra-  
; I med Triangle, a coyned  
ue Circle cannot fill it. No-  
to thing

thing can satisfie my Soule, but All things : He only is enough vnto it, in whom it is. Nothing lesse than God, can suffice the Soule that is capable of God. Euery Creature is but vile to him, that knowes but his Creator. A whole Earth is too strait for him, that lookes as wide as Heauen. The whole Ocean of the World is but as a drop to a thirstie Soule ; to whom one drop of the riuer of Paradise is plenteous refreshment. Hee counts Mammon but base, that prizes

prizes God: And the wise Merchant cares not to part with all, to purchase the pretious Pearle unto him. Did my Will embrace a World, it would still aske more; A World is not enough to my Will: What then should I desire, but what onely and fully can answer, and appease my Desire?

I haue but little, tis true; and the best is, I want but little. I haue but little, yet enough: and that can neuer be little, that is enough; and what is not enough, when  
it

it is at the most, is not much. I lacke but little; I haue chosen the better part than so, to be carefull for many things, when one thing is necessary. *Godlinesse with Contentment is great Gaine*; said One, that for his Knowledge, knew both how to want, and how to abound: and for his Experience, *Having nothing, yet possessed all things*. *Godlinesse*

with

with Contentment saies  
he ? Why thats enough  
for Man or Christian:  
Nature inuites the one,  
to be content with a little:  
and Grace aduises the  
other, *Having food  
and Raiment, there-  
with to be content.*

A Man will Content him  
with Natures lot and li-  
mit : so will a Christian  
bee content with what  
measure God hath mett  
out vnto him. Content is  
all : The least Portion is  
enough, the lowest Condi-  
tion happy, with the

X

*equa-*

of the Be-  
 fer. The Man is likest to  
 God, that lacks the least;  
 whose propertie it is, to  
 have need of Nothing;  
 and to be sufficed with  
 himselfe. The Contented  
 Man is rich in the midst  
 of Pouertie; whereas the  
 Ceuilous is poore in the  
 midst of Riches. He that  
 can be content with what  
 he hath; wants not; what  
 he hath not: he that is not  
 so, wants what he hath.  
 The Patriarch cared for  
 no more, but Bread to  
 eat, and Raiment to  
 put

put on : The Wise Man  
 craved neither Pover-  
 tie, nor Riches ; but  
 Convenience only. I  
 will make that enough to  
 mee, which God hath gi-  
 ven mee with a sparing  
 hand. God saw no more  
 was good for mee, he ther-  
 fore gaue mee no more.  
 Whether God giues little,  
 or much, he giues for the  
 best. Better is a little  
 with the Feare of  
 the Lord, than great  
 Treasure, and trou-  
 ble therewith. Or say



my Estate be not enough to my Will ; I can make my Will enough to mine Estate : Namely , while it answers not mee accordingly ; I can accordingly apply my selfe to it. Hee that cannot make his owne enough ; will neuer haue enough , though all were his owne.

Mee thinks I yet see how *Crates* threw his Gold into the Sea : And heare how *Phocion* told *Alexander* , that himselfe was richer , who needed not his great Gift ; than  
was

was hee who gaue it :  
 And thinke how *Fabri-*  
*cius* thought it a King-  
 dome; to contemne the  
 Wealth of a King. These  
 knew Gold and Siluer  
 was but an elaborate  
 Dust ; Wealth was but a  
 toylsome Heape ; and  
 all manner of Riches,  
 not such as their owne  
 Worth, but the Errours  
 of men had prized, and  
 brought into request.  
 This vnneccessary Trash  
 (they knew, & proued)  
 was but an impediment  
 to Vertue ; and an in-  
 ticement to Euill: They

X 3      there-

therefore (whose best  
 Vertues were but the  
 best Vices) despised that  
 for Vertues sake, which  
 they knew to be the  
 matter and means to  
 Vice. Did the Nations  
 abhorre, and doth Israel  
 adore the Golden Idoll?  
 Is Mony lesse Earth and  
 Drosse, than it was of  
 old; or are Mens Affecti-  
 ons now become more vile  
 and earthy? Had me Chri-  
 stians more neede of  
 Wealth, than had Pagans?  
 Nay haue they not a hea-  
 rer, safer, fuller Proui-  
 dence within; than haue  
 they

they that were, and are  
without? How is it now  
they preferre the things  
of this Life before them,  
that had neither the  
Knowledge, nor Hope of  
another and better Life?  
To leave and contemne the  
Wealth of the World, is an  
ordinary Lesson of Philo-  
sophie. To be ape and  
adore them then, can be no  
good Divinitie. If Nature  
could teach them, to  
neglect them, because  
they did them no Good;  
Grace (mee thinks)  
should the more  
strictly admonish and regard  
them,

them, because they doe  
mee hurt.

Yea (as I say) doe me  
hurt : and more hurt,  
then for which a World  
can make amends. Both  
staine my Soule, and  
damne my Soule : and  
can a World now both  
wipe, and quit, this  
both Guilt, and Losse?  
*What shall it profite  
a Man, if hee  
shall gaine the whole  
World; and lose his  
owne Soule?* (saith  
He, that doth as much  
as

as quite deny, what bee  
doth thus demand ) or  
what shall a man giue  
in exchange for his  
Soule? An whole World  
( belike ) is not worth a  
Soule. I were vnwise  
then to hazard my  
Soule, though it were  
for a world. I will tell  
the Worldling what I  
know, and what hee  
finds. Riches staine the  
Soule : For a Man doth  
not lightly and easily  
become rich, without  
his Euill and Sinne.  
Why doth he call it the  
) X 5 Vnright-

Unrighteous Mammon? but because Riches and Righteousnesse seldom goe together. But it is common to haue Wealth and Wickednesse at once. How gets a Man his Wealth, but by Fraud and Oppression? how spends a Man his Wealth, but vpon his Pride and Lusts? That must needs be had out-right; which is purchased by bad meanes, and imployed to bad Ends. Riches are but base in their Nature; but are euen bad in their

their Effects. He might  
 have bene a Poore man & the  
 nocent together; it hath  
 now growne both to his  
 and Riches. He hath bene  
 good for his Godd's sake  
 will never shew  
 Man the better for his  
 Miseryes. Good (O Lord) is  
 it the more commendeth  
 him. Now by this I might  
 tell him what he is  
 for, I will shew him  
 what he is worth to God  
 Riches. He is a good  
 man (was, is, will be)  
 true. Before he began  
 his Game, he hath quite  
 lost himselfe: yet com-

: alphon

ders



does not, how he loſes  
 all in the loſſe of him-  
 ſelf. The acquisition of  
 his Poſſe was at the firſt  
 ſealed with the damna-  
 tion of his Soule. Who  
 but T H B Y (the De-  
 uill and his Angels)  
 were to fetch away the  
 Rich mans Soule? He  
 bids you vnderſtand  
 how headlong he hur-  
 ries downe to Hell; that  
 tell you how hardly he  
 gets vp into Heauen.  
 Saying: *It is eaſier*  
*for a Camell to goe*  
*thorow the eye of a*  
*needle;*

needle; than for a  
 Rich man to enter  
 into the Kingdome of  
 God. Briefly, He tells  
 plainly. of their Ble-  
 mish and Vengeance  
 together: *They that*  
*will be rich fall into*  
*temptation, and a*  
*Snare; and into ma-*  
*ny foolish, and hurt-*  
*full Lusts, which*  
*drowne men in de-*  
*struction, and perdi-*  
*tion.*

Ah

Ah but tis a milerie  
 (me thinkes) to bee  
 poore: And there is (we  
 say) No Wo, to Want.  
 The Parenthesis was  
 well put in, both for the  
 pitch, and Truth of the  
 Saying. Pouerty is a  
 Milerie, but it is to them  
 that make it so, because  
 they take it so. Pouertie  
 is no burden to him, that  
 can beare it out: None  
 feares the weight of it, but  
 he that feares to under-  
 goe it. Not troublesome is  
 it to him that beares it;  
 but to him that will not  
 beare it. Nothing is dark

to a willing Mind: to an  
unwilling is nothing easie.  
Pouerty is grievous to no  
man; but rather many a  
Man is fote it. This is the  
misery of it, that a man  
will needs make it so to  
himselfe. I am worthily  
wretched, when I will  
not be otherwise per-  
swaded, but that I am  
so. In my Minde, Hee's  
not poore; that would  
not be rich: and hee  
lacks nothing, that  
craues not many things.  
Tush, tush! No man is  
poore indeed: and (but in  
conceit) is no Man rich.

He

He is Poore indeed, that  
cares to be rich : He's  
rich enough, that feares  
not to be Poore. Reach  
indeed to the Opinion  
of Men, and who is  
Rich ? But stoope to  
the Condition of Men,  
and who is Poore ? Na-  
ture hath limited a Man  
to live with little : And  
shall a Man thinke him  
Poore when he hath not  
wherewithall to trans-  
gresse Natures Bounds ?  
There is a kinde of  
Meannesse, and Scant-  
nesse to many a Man :  
It is their pccuissnesse

to

to call it Balcnesse, and  
 Beggery : and to re-  
 proach it so, and abhor  
 it. Men doe miscall,  
 what they know not  
 how to esteeme. And as  
 Children are skarred at  
 Bugge-beares, and fa-  
 bled or fained Hob-  
 goblins : so Fooles flie  
 this Ghostly and gasty  
 appearing Pouerty by  
 Fire and Water, Sea and  
 Land. Let others thinke  
 Pouerty a wofull mi-  
 fery; I will deeme it (as I  
 well proue it) an happy  
 Security. The Poore  
 Man, he does no hurt;  
 he

no fears no hate: it is  
 is not envied, nor hated,  
 nor feared; incurs not  
 the treacherous Enmi-  
 ties of Men: He sings  
 and dances before the  
 Throng of Spectators  
 soundly vnder-curve  
 the Hedge. Nothing hath  
 he to lose; and  
 his lowly abode  
 he cannot fall. I should  
 therefore like Poverty  
 the better: because it is  
 less obnoxious to  
 Fears; and better. Who  
 would still trouble him to  
 possess Riches; that must  
 once be more troubled in  
 their

their Losse? It is safer a  
great deale, not to Haue,  
than to Lose: And hee  
farre merrier, whom For-  
tune neuer respected, than  
whom she hath now forsake-  
ken. The Lesser I am;  
I am Greater, than  
whom Change, or  
Chance may indam-  
mage. But say Prouery were  
worse than it is; and I  
poorer than I am; I am  
not other than Others,  
yea and my Betters haue  
likewise beene. What  
should I tell of poore  
Kings, Prophets, Apo-  
stles,



stles, Fathers, Saints :  
 CHRIST himselfe was  
 Poore : borne of a poore  
 Woman, brought forth  
 in a poore Stable, lapt  
 in poore Clouts, laid in  
 a poore Manger, liued  
 a poore Life : HE, euen  
 he hungred, he wanted;  
 he had not wherewith  
 to pay the Due ; he had  
 not whereon to lay his  
 Head. Now Worme of  
 Earth, how is it thou  
 conetest so to be rich ; sith  
 the God of Heauen and  
 Earth, was so willing to  
 be Poore. What was there  
 in the World, was worthy  
 of

of God ? What cared he  
then for the worth of a  
World ? Why would hee  
want these Things of  
ours ? but to tell vs, that  
we our selues might well  
bee without them : Why  
contemne them ? but to  
teach vs not to desire  
them. My SAVIOUR  
cared not to bee rich,  
feared not to bee Poore:  
to bid me not trouble  
my selfe with so need-  
lesse Feares, and Cares.

One thing is, (let the  
World goe the worst  
with me) I cannot liue  
poorer, than I was  
borne;

Borne; and so must  
Die Naked (said the  
Poore man) came I  
out of my Mothers  
Wombe; and naked  
shall I returne thi-  
ther. And the Wise  
man; As hee came  
forth of his mothers  
wombe, naked shall  
be returne to goe as  
he came: and shall  
take) nothing of his  
Labour, which hee  
may carry away in  
his

his hand: In all  
 points as he came, so  
 shall hee goe, and  
 what profit hath he,  
 that hath laboured  
 for the Wind? Come  
 naked, Goe naked;  
 Bring nothing, Carry  
 nothing: To what pur-  
 pose then doe Men get  
 and gather those things  
 which they once had  
 not; and once must not  
 haue? These things of  
 ours; here only we haue  
 them; and wee leaue  
 them here. Said I of  
 Ours?

Ours? How are they  
Ours, which at first were  
not so; and at last shall  
not so be? That is ours,  
which we bring with  
vs; but that anothers,  
which we get vnto vs:  
That is Ours, which we  
keepe with vs; but that  
anothers, which wee  
leauē behind vs. That is  
a mans Owne, which is  
not added to a Man;  
which is not taken from a  
Man; which is not one  
mans more than anothers.  
A Mans Soule is a mans  
owne: Riches are not so.  
Oh hazzard not your  
owne,

owne, to haue the Things  
that are not yours ! He  
fildly called them un-  
certaine Riches :

They vncertaine to vs ;  
and we likewise to  
them. *They Vncertaine :*  
Now ours, now others ;  
now gotten, now gone.  
Nothing is Certaine in  
Riches, but vncertainty.

So He expressely; *Riches*  
*Certainly* make  
themselves *Wings ;*  
*They fly away, as an*  
*Eagle towards Hea-*  
*uen.* An Eagle flies

sub.

suddenly, flies swiftly :  
So are Riches gone instantly,  
gone irrecoverably. *These things of ours,*  
*they goe from vs by more*  
*wayes than one.* Either  
thy Fade of themselves;  
or we Consume them;  
or others Deprive vs of  
them. Our Food is sub-  
iect to putrefaction; our  
Garments to the Moth,  
and fretting; our Gold  
and Silver to the rust  
and canker; our Lands  
to barrenesse and bar-  
renesse; and our Hou-  
ses to roittennesse and  
ruine. Fire may deuoure  
them,

them, Water swallow  
them, Enemies spoile  
them, or Theeves pur-  
loyn them. O *vaine*  
*Man!* How is it thou now  
trustest in a Thing so  
*vaine*? Trust not in  
uncertaine Riches:  
Set not thine eyes  
upon the Thing that  
is not: Yea, let mee say  
to One, and All of you:  
Lay not vp for your  
selues Treasures vp-  
on Earth, where  
Moth and Rust doth



suddenly, flies swiftly :  
 So are Riches gone in-  
 stantly, gone irrecovera-  
 bly. *These things of ours,*

TORN  
 PAGES.

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Y 2

cor-

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ruine. Fire may deuoure  
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them, Water swallow  
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uncertaine Riches:  
Set not thine eyes  
upon the Thing that  
is not: Yea, let mee say  
to One, and All of you:  
Lay not vp for your  
selues Treasures vp-  
on Earth, where  
Moth and Rust doth



corrupt ; and where  
Theeves breake tho-  
row and steale : But  
lay up for your selues  
Treasures in Hea-  
uen, where neither  
Moth and Rust doth  
corrupt, and where  
Theeves do not break  
thorow and steale.

We also are vncertaine :  
Did not Riches leaue  
vs ; yet must we leaue  
them at last. Death is  
not drawne to partiali-  
tie ; nor can she be cor-  
rupted :

rupted: Gold and Silver  
will not hire her to  
winke at the Wealthy.  
*As dieth the Poore Man:*  
*so dieth the Rich.* Shee  
knocks as readily, and  
equally at the Kings, as  
at the Beggers Doore.  
*Death* (when she comes)  
comes not to take his  
*Wealth* from the Rich  
man; but rather the  
Rich man from his  
*Wealth.* That Rich Glut-  
ton had laid vp enough  
in store for many  
yeares: but that Night  
*They* (*Death* and the  
*Deuill*)

Deuill) they fetcht away his Soule. His Goods were yet laid vp; but his Soule now was fetcht away. Trustlesse, yea and Witlesse Wretch he was! Trustlesse, in that (denying the Prouidence of God) he laid vp for so many yeares: Witlesse, not considering how (for his owne Frailty) he could not promise that Night vnto himselfe. To what end should I lay vp for many Yeares; when I am not sure, my yeares shall bee many. Why should

Should I so greedily get  
That to me ; which I  
know not how readily  
I may be fetcht from,  
or it from me ? Where-  
fore should I provide  
for so long, when my  
Iourny is not farre ? The  
little I haue, may (for  
what I know ) out-last  
my Life. I haue (I know)  
but a little way Home ;  
and I doe not meane to  
make a Burthen of my  
Prouision . I would  
haue my Shooe but fit-  
ted to my Foot : a Cloake  
too large or long,  
would but tire mee to  
trauell






trauell in. It is to Eate, as  
to Swimme ; easiest for  
him that is the lightest. So  
I haue sufficient for to  
Day ; let to Morrow  
take care for it selfe.  
Why should my Care  
be for the Morrow ;  
when I am not sure the  
Morrow shall be mine?  
He that likes not my  
Resolution, let him  
read my Warrant, and  
vnderstand it. Take  
no thought for the  
Morrow ; for the  
Morrow shall take  
thought

thought for the  
 Things of it selfe.  
 Sufficient vnto the  
 Day is the Euill  
 thereof : I doe not  
 meane to make it the  
 worke to me, by ad-  
 ding mine owne vnto  
 it. Neither will I riot  
 and waste, because I may  
 die to Morrow: nor yet  
 Couet and scrape, be-  
 cause to Morrow may  
 be mine to lue. He that  
 so spends the Things of  
 the World, as if he were to  
 Die now ; so spares, as if  
 he were to Live yet : the  
 same

*same vses the World, as if he vsed it not : And is richer in the Inioyment of a small Portion ; than is the other in the Keeping of the largest Heape.*

Churlish Death ! (thou saist) and therather so, to threaten a Separation betwixt Thee & Thine : than betwixt Thee and thy Selfe. Thou irkest lesse (I know) thy Body and Soules finall Dissolution; than thy Mind & Monies least Diuision. Thou art married to thy MAMMON : ty'd in a Knot vnto it, which Death

Death onely must vndoe. Thou art one with thy Wealth : and ere thou wilt not be covetous, thou wilt not Be. Hugge thy Heapes yet a while ; and kisse every Face of thy Coyne : Where thy Treasure is, there let thy Heart yet be : Death shall scatter thy Treasure, when she hits thy Heart. While thou thinkst on what thou hast *laid up* ; that *Night* (thou thinkst not on) shall come. Then shall their Heape stay behind thee ; and their  

 Guilt

Guilt onely shall goe  
with thee: And thy  
Money moreover shall  
merit thee this Memo-  
riall:



Beneath

## Distractions.



Entomb this Stone,  
There lieth One;  
No matter for his Name.  
But base by Birth;

He once kept Earth;  
And now Earth keeps the same.  
For all his Store,  
He was but Poore;

Euen wanting what he had:  
Making himselfe  
A Slave to Poise;

No Slave so base, so bad.  
His Thoughts were caining,  
Carcase spairing;

To pamper up his Purse:  
He liu'd a Hogge;  
D'd like a Dogge:

And's gone with many a Curse.  
His Mind was Gold;  
His Corps is Mould;

Which now lies rotting here:  
This, with the Dust,  
That, and the Rust,

Shall once againe appeare.  
God, Friends, and Health,  
Were all to Wealth

Neglected, and Contemned:  
Wherefore to Devils;  
Foes, Woes, and Euills;  
Hee's iustly now Condemned.

1629  
627

14.1 x 8.1 cm  
(26), 490P (17)

# DISTRACTIONS,

OR

## *The Holy Madnesse.*

Feruently (not Furiously)  
inraged against Euill Men; or  
against their Euills..

Wherein the Naughty are disco-  
uered to Themselues, and Others : and  
may here see at once, Who they Are ;  
What they Doe ; And How  
they Ought.

Somewhat Delightfull, but Fruitfull  
altogether : as Ordered to please  
a little ; but Aymed to  
profit much.

---

By I O H N G A V L E,

*Utriusque olim Academic.*

---



HM.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Harviland,*  
for *Robert Allot.* 1629.

---



their well nigh returned dust; strangle the Infant in the Parents eye, and arme; spoile their Virgins, rip vp their Bigge, bereaue their Mothers; Make their Men to draw in his Waggon, to grinde in his Mills, to dig in his Mines: Their Princes necks shall bee but his Footstooles; and their Young-mens backs but the Asses for his loads: Thus roare the Lions, thus hisse the Serpents, thus barked the Dogges. Nought but  
spue

spue out their rancour,  
but breath out reuenge.

These haue ( I marke )  
most commonly gone  
together ( I would like  
Fellowes to the Gal-  
lowes ) the Angry, and  
the bloudy minded.

*Murder was the first  
fruits of Anger, CAIN*  
*rose up in a Fury against*  
*his Brother, and slew him.*

*So, the Brethren in*  
*iniquitie : What of*  
*them ? Fearefull ! and*  
*to bee detested : In*  
*their Anger they*

*slew*

*slew a man : And  
therefore (may such o-  
ther, fare no better )  
Cursed be their An-  
ger, for it was fierce ;  
and their Wrath, for  
it was Cruell. As  
for me, ( and so sayes  
euery harmlesse Spirit )  
O my soule! come not  
thou into their secret:  
vnto their assembly  
(mine Honour!) be  
not thou united.*

Theres yet an old  
Beare to bait : I would  
he

he were blinde, or  
toothlesse ; it would  
be good sport to whip  
him. What must hee  
such haling to the stake?  
As loth as hee is to  
come thither ; I would  
bee loth to trust him  
there. That bubbling  
Brooke was more tur-  
bulent : but this still  
and standing Lake is  
more violent ; *Old An-  
ger* (I meane) *which  
makes up the slownesse,  
in the weight of Ire.* A  
Monster of a tedious  
breeding, of an vnfor-  
tunate birth ; a Serpent  
of

of a Difficult hatch, and dangerous ; an ill Liquour that being kept too long, hath tarted and tainted the Caske ; a Poole that hath formerly beene stirred, and yet can finde no time to settle : a Lion that long couches, and slumbers sullenly ; yet rouzes him in the end, and roares hideously : a Fire that hauing long laine smothered, breaks out at last into a fierce and furious flame : a mote at first, that offends ; a Beame at last, that blinds

blinds the eye. Compari-  
sons are not here more edi-  
ous, than in the Vice. Liken  
(and you will) the growth  
of this ill Weed, to any  
thing that waxeth worse.

Marke how to stint,  
and stop it. Crush the  
Cockatrice in the Egge,  
push the Scorpion in the  
shell, hunt the Young  
Foxes, while they are  
yet but petty Cubs;  
take the Small Brar,  
and dash his head a-  
gainst a stone. Anger is  
a disease, with more ease,  
and honesty, procured;  
than recovered. This Fu-

(part)

N

ry





(they say) liues no lon-  
ger; than I said Anger  
ought to liue. He that  
bids You *Let not the  
Sun goe downe vpon  
your Wrath*; forbids  
contrariely, you should let  
the Sun (goe) downe  
to rise vpon it. Two Suns  
are too many for an An-  
gry man to see. Accellion  
of dayes adds vnto this  
Evill. Hatte is to turne  
hatred; For so is it de-  
fined. Hatred is an aged  
and strengthened Anger:  
an Anger doubled by  
dayes, and degrees. Ha-

N<sup>2</sup> tred



ried (for so I now call it) hauing taken long and deepe root in the hearts of Men, is not readily & easily weeded thence. *A mans loue oft turnes to hate ; his Hate seldome returnes to Loue.* Implacable man, and impious ! His euill lasts with his Life : Nay, when he is dead, it will be a Question (as was of Sylla) whether Hee, or his Anger died soonest ? They story Some to haue hated so while they liued ; that dead, and burned together, their

their flame notwithstanding was diuided:  
And Others, who slaine  
together, their bloud  
refused to be mingled.

*The Sinne of a Man out-  
lives himselfe: this Sinne  
especiallly. A Good mans  
Anger (they say) is soone  
dead: but a bad Man (I  
see) is sooner dead, than  
his Anger.*

How cam'st thou  
(prethee) to be so cho-  
lericke? The Man (I  
know well) hath it by  
Kinne, it cost him  
nought. I was saying,  
the Hate and Ire of Men

liu'd, when Men were  
dead. I cannot say their  
Hate liues with the  
Dead: I haue noted, the  
Dead haue deriued their  
hatred to the Liuing.  
(I speake not of Enmi-  
tie betwixt Nation and  
Nation; so mutuall, so  
continual.) The Man  
hates, who Sonne hates;  
and why? his Friend, or  
Father hated formerly.  
*Hee but euilly (succeeds,  
that will be heire also to  
his Fathers euills.* There  
is obseru'd a naturall  
Antipathie, an hidden  
Enmity, or inbred A-  
bui

upon the trees & trees  
 and trees as betwixt  
 the Oak and the Olive  
 the Vine and the Golt-  
 wort: Betwixt Beasts  
 and Beasts as betwixt  
 the Elephant and the  
 Dragon in the Panther  
 and the hyacinth betwixt  
 Serpents and serpents,  
 the Spider and the  
 Toad: Bird and Bird;  
 the Eagle & the Wren,  
 the Owle and other  
 Birds: Fishes & Fishes;  
 the Lamprey and the  
 Conger, and the two  
 great Fishes called Or-  
 and Balanus. By such

nate and contrary Qualities are observed betwixt Man and Man: though indeed, the succession of Hatred would giue to none (as it were.) a naturall Antipathie betwixt them. Wee know, and say it is their Vice, how-  
 ever they would make vs beluee it is their Nature that sets them at so continall odds. *Hark,*  
*O Man,* thou that at once proceedest from thy Fathers Flesh, and From-  
 wardnesse that thinkest thou degeneratest from

his Stocke, if from his  
Vice: There was neuer  
but one Enmitie worthy,  
yea necessary the propa-  
gating; euen that, which  
God (at first) prouoked,  
and proclaimed irrecon-  
cileable: I will put  
Enmitie betweene  
thee, and the Wo-  
man; and betweene  
thy Seed, and her  
Seed. Ah thou Traitor  
to thy God, and Foe to  
thine owne Soule! why  
makest thou a Couenant  
with thine, and thy fore-

N 5 fathers

nate and contrary Qualities are observed betwixt Man and Man: though indeed, the succession of Hatred would giue to none (as it were) a naturall Antipathie betwixt them. Wee know, and say it is their Vice, how-  
 ever they would make vs bolden it is their Nature that sets them at so continuall odds. Hark,  
 O Man, thou that at  
 once proceedest from thy  
 Fathers Flesh, and Fro-  
 wardnesse, that thinkest  
 thou degeneratest from  
 his



his Stocke, if from his  
Vice : There was neuer  
but one Enmitie worthy,  
yea necessary the propa-  
gating ; euen that, which  
God (at first) prouoked,  
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man ; and betweene  
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Seed. Ah thou Traitor  
to thy God, and Foe to  
thine owne Soule ! why  
makest thou a Couenant  
with thine, and thy fore-

N 5 fathers



fathers Adversary? That  
 mortall iarre was only to  
 be deriued to Succession.  
 How many Sonnes haue  
 vindicated their Fathers  
 wrongs to the full? Euen  
 successions of Families  
 haue continued the Strife  
 and Debate, their fore-  
 fathers began betwixt  
 their Houses. Alas! that  
 an ISRAELITE grudges  
 at, and strives with an  
 ISRAELITE (a Man  
 with a Man, a Christian  
 with a Christian) And yet  
 rather suffers any Inniury,  
 and Slauidery; than breake  
 an hard Couenant, a sea-  
 red

you Peace with PHA-  
 RAOH, the Devil. O all  
 ye cankred Spines of  
 ADAM! Impes toge-  
 ther of his Loynes, and  
 Lusts: How is it ye haue  
 forgotten the Old Quar-  
 rel; which though it be-  
 gan in your First Pa-  
 ther; yet it equally con-  
 cernes your Selues? You  
 haue an Adversary to you  
 all; why wrangle, and  
 struggle ye, one with a-  
 nother? Were you not  
 ioyned to him; you could  
 not thus be divided against  
 your Selues.

Me thinks, I should

(by

(by this) make thee angry at nothing but thine Anger. If Anger (as I haue said) be a Passion so Inordinate, vnseemly, Brutish, Pusillanimous, Enuious and mischieuous; if it haue neither Ground, nor End; if neither Delight, nor Gaine; if it obscure Reason, and exclude Grace; if it bee detestable to God, Distastefull to Man, and Preiudiciall to himselfe; What Wise man, and Good, will now be angry? Had Anger either

then Pleasure, or Profit  
in it; there were some en-  
ticement to it. But Anger  
is an Evil, every wayes so  
evill; that it carries no  
colour for its entertain-  
ment. It is by a shew of  
profit, or Delight, that  
other Sinnes insinuate;  
this sinne of Anger only,  
intrudes upon a Man,  
with palpable vexation,  
and losse.

Yea, but thou canst  
temper thy selfe, and  
take up thine Anger in  
time; and checke it,  
ere it rush into these  
rash, and rigorous Ex-  
orbitances.

obtruncates. Tell mee,  
 hadst thou not better  
 quite exclude it, than  
 (having admitted it)  
 now busie, and trouble  
 thy selfe, to guide it? It is  
 safer to keepe out, than  
 get out of a Fray. And  
 better not to hazard  
 the Disease, than pre-  
 sume vpon the Remedy.  
 The Courser (by your  
 leaue) is not so to be  
 taken up, when now  
 on his race, now in his  
 speed. The Rocke is  
 steep, and thou art  
 heady, how readily, and  
 easily dost thou now  
 fall

fall past recovery. Thy  
Sea is troubled, thy  
Ship is tossed, Anger  
sits Pilot; and (ere  
thou thinkest on an An-  
chor, an Harbour) be-  
hold a Wracke. A man  
may with more ease for-  
bid his Anger, than hee  
can command it: with  
more safety may hee pre-  
uent it, than recall it.  
The Entrance of many  
things are in our hands;  
but not their Issue. While  
yet it is not, Anger is in the  
power of the Man: when  
it now is, the Man is in  
the power of his Anger.

H

Set

Set Anger once on foot,  
and it runnes, not so farre  
as you will let it; but will  
hale you rather as farre  
as it list. I cannot but  
smile, thou'lt needs ac-  
count thee Captaine,  
and This thy common  
Souldier; to fight vnder  
thee, for thee: Lead him  
warily on, heele scarce  
come fairely off. While  
thou'lt sit Iudge, to  
passe the Sentence; and  
make it thy Cryer, to  
put thee in mind, and  
mood: be wise; thou  
maist soone condemne  
thy selfe.

How



How Man? Call and  
account thee a Coward,  
an Ass, an Idiot, a  
Blocke, a Stoicke, a  
Stocke? And why? be-  
cause thou wantest an  
Heart, a Spirit, the Va-  
lour, the Courage, to be  
angry at them; to check  
and curbe in thy Fury,  
the Indignities they doe  
thee. Tell them (and  
thou wilt) from me;  
They only are so; that  
so say; so thinke. What  
a Madnesse of Men is  
this, and Folly of theirs?  
Are we therefore senselesse,  
because not impatient of



beare Wronges? Baloweth  
 thus to play upon ones  
 Patience. It is for Booles,  
 and Peasants, to quench  
 them with this A: whom  
 they finde in such a state  
 For Wharfe? and with  
 himes, good and bad  
 doth Wrong: because  
 he is full of piteous  
 soft. Yett he singeth  
 for say the Best, And Wis-  
 (est) Anger addes Cou-  
 rage to his Man, or that is  
 not so without it: But  
 rather, basely intralls  
 him to anothers Power,  
 and Merces, where hee is  
 not in his owne. Than the  
 Peeuish,

Pravish, none more Sla-  
uish. So base an Affecti-  
on, lurkes not less in ha-  
rest breasts. Vilest wret-  
ches are the rather mo-  
ued; because they would,  
but cannot be reuenged.  
What thinkst thou of  
the Body, that yelpes  
and yeres at any small  
push, at eury sudden  
motion? is it not too  
too crazy? To cry out  
you hurt it, when you  
scarce touch it. Verily,  
the Minde is as corrup-  
ted and cankered, as the  
Body vlcerous; to  
shrike and shrike, at  
eury

every push and pricke.  
To stumble, and wrangle  
at every Offence ; argues  
but the Minde wretched,  
and infirme. I neuer saw  
any Man in this case ;  
whom I iudged not  
Boyish, Womanish,  
Foolish, Sickish, or (at  
least) Old and Pecuish.  
Now on the contrary :  
None so magnanimous (in  
my minde ) as he that  
forgetteth iniuries. Nor  
am I of another minde,  
than the Wise Man :  
It is the glory of a  
Man, to passe over

*a Transgression.* It must needs be a right noble minde he beares; that he can, but scornes to be reuenged. *A Man is a Lord in his Favour: in his Anger is Man but a Slaue. He hath fought a stout, and stately Fight; that hath subdued his Affections.* I will cuer thinke the best of such an one, and speake no worse. Bold Heart, and Braue! that hath already curbed his Passions, and cured them to a skarre: hauing only remaining

maining in himselfe,  
but as it were the Sha-  
dowes and Suspitions  
of his Affections. But a  
Coward is he (will I be  
bold to tell him) and  
base: that (could hee  
winne a World) can-  
not here conquer him-  
selfe.

Thus much I of  
Thee; and (vnlesse bet-  
ter) too much. Now  
heare mee of my Selfe.  
Credit mee; I either so  
am, or (at least) would  
be so; as I now will  
shew mee to thee,  
though so I boast mee

not.

mit.) It is Honestie Gang  
 but Modestie, to be we  
 would forget forth our  
 selves & are willing that  
 themselves for others to imi-  
 tate & are not excited  
 Pictures only, to be ga-  
 zed upon or signor T  
 -I and not of Feather-  
 like) stirred and tossed  
 at every puffle and blast  
 of Discontentments:  
 but striven rather to  
 stand stedfast as a Pil-  
 lar) to vanquish the winds  
 and stormes of injuries  
 and offences. Let mee  
 like a stayerd Rocke, to  
 repell their surging, iv-  
 rowl  
 ging

ging Waues: and (like  
a Wall of Marble) re-  
tort their angry darts  
into their owne faces  
and throats. Men shall  
see my Contempt, in a  
no notice of theirs.  
Though he would ac-  
knowledge on his Of-  
fence; I will (with  
Cato) not so much as  
acknowledge mee of-  
fended. *This is a stayed-  
nesse, is an Happinesse of  
our Minds; that we daine  
not to answer Fooles in  
their Folly. You aske  
mee, why I doe not re-  
quite the Wrong: I an-  
swer,*



lower, because I feele it  
not. No wrong ( as I  
take it ) is done to him,  
that will not take it to  
himselfe. I take Wrong,  
as Honour : *Honour is*  
*not in him, that is honou-*  
*red ; but in him that ho-*  
*nours : nor is Wrong in*  
*him that bath, but in him*  
*that doth the Wrong.* Me  
thinks, *A mans Reuenge*  
*is but the Confession, or*  
*the complaint of his owne*  
*vexation.* Mine then  
would but tell them,  
how they haue troubled  
me. And vile Minds ( I  
know ) will the rather

O

doc



vnto thy selfe: One that  
thou louest well; yea  
better it seemes than  
thine owne Soule. One  
that loues thee well;  
and well he may, and it  
be but for the loue hee  
hath to thine. He can-  
not chuse but loue thee  
horribly, while he loues  
Thine so impatiently:  
That is, he could wish  
Thee, and Thine at  
once, both hang'd,  
and had: yea, to haue  
Thine, what cares  
he to curse Thee to  
Hell? He is one of the  
same Name (I am sure)  
though

though not one of the  
Kinne. So, so; Keepe the  
House howloeuver in the  
same Name; belike the  
Line was not worthy  
of it. A B S O L O N hath  
no Childe for his Name  
to liue in; shall he rot  
therefore out of remem-  
brance? no, not while  
A B S O L O N S Pillar  
stands. If he haue no  
Monument of his  
Loynes; he can haue a  
Pillar of his Name: and  
thats enough to vphold  
his Houle. *This is one of  
the last, but not the least  
follies of Men; to let a Title*

V s carry

carry it, before the Right:  
To make Kinsmen Strangers, and a Kinsman of a Stranger : With the whole Price of an Heire-dome, to buy the Name of an Heire ; or an Heire of the Name : To purchase a lying Affinity with a costly kinde of Adoption. Nay but the Heire that must be, is a Poore Sisters Sonne : The poore rag'd Knaue ( I can tell you ) is like to be Lord of all, He shall one day owne all that is his Vncles ; though his Vncle now scarce will owne him.

him. Not a Farthing will he allow him to educate, and maintaine him; though leaue him all at last, to waste perhaps, or else ingrosse. You shall finde him let the first in his Will; which neuer was suffered to sit the last at his Table. *It is the manner of the Couetous, to part with nothing while they liue; no not to those, to whom they mind to leaue all at their Death.* While he liues, all is too little for himselfe; but let him take all to him, when he dies

dies. His Heire is now beholden to him, not for what he hath bestowed; but for what he could not keepe: And will therefore thanke him, when he shall not heare him; will pray for him when it shall doe him no good. Thou now liest gaping, and thine Heire is gaping: Euery looke he lets vpon thee, accuses the slownesse of thy Death: For he thinkes it his Wrong and Hurt that thou liest. Hee sighs and wailes before thee,

thee, not that he cares  
for thy losse; but hopes  
for thy Gaine: How he  
howles and blubbers,  
while thy hands quake,  
Teeth gnash, Eyes close,  
Breath stops, Heart  
choaks, and Soule flits;  
& all, not so much that  
thou art now dead, as  
that thou diedst not ere  
this. No Mans Death is  
more desired, than the Co-  
uetous Mans: It is al-  
wayes expected, plotted  
often, yea and sometimes  
untimely effected. All  
therefore wish him dead,  
because (like the Hog in  
the

*the Pot ) he doth good to none, but after his Death.*

Well, thou'lt therefore shake off these Shadows; and mind'ft (I heare) to build some Hospitall, Schoole, Colledge; or doe some charitable Deed withall. Sayes he so? The Man liues poore (I perceiue) with purpose to die rich: and dies rich, to doe good after his Death. Yea, then doe Good, when he can doe no longer hurt. He hath robbed *Peter* all his Life; and will now pay *Paul*

at

at his Death. That is no  
Liberalitie to giue, when  
he can no longer haue: no  
Charitie to releue one,  
with what he hath wre-  
sted from another: no  
Pietie to doe Euill, that  
Good may come thereof:  
and no Equitie to get ill,  
with a purpose to bestow  
it well. I would not wish  
thee to goe to Hell all  
thy Life, with an intent  
to win Heauen after thy  
Death. Dost thou of-  
fend still, with purpose  
to make amends?  
Wealths well bestowing,  
is not enough for the  
Fault



*Fault in the getting. Satisfaction may appease the Hurt ; it cannot wipe away the Guilt of Fraud, or Oppression. But if thou wilt doe Good withall ; I would advise thee to doe it, while thou hast it in thine hand to doe. Doe well with it, while it is yet thine : What thanks is it to thee, what Good is done with it, when thou hast left it. Doe then resigne it, before thou must needs bequeath it. Thou hadst as good doe Good by thy selfe, as others. Even now*

now feed and cloath the  
Poore, that their Loynes  
and Bowels may blesse  
thee, before thou diest.  
*He is but a silly Traveller,*  
*that so orders for his Jour-*  
*ney, as to haue his Proui-*  
*sion sent after him, when*  
*himselfe is already gone*  
*so farre before : He may*  
*well want it, ere it ouer-*  
*take him. Good Workes*  
*goe merrily with, or be-*  
*fore vs : they follow but*  
*slowly afterwards.*

I dreame but too  
well of him ; theres no  
such matter he meanes.  
He meanes ( as Hermo-  
crates )

*crates* ) to make himselfe his owne Heire : and wishes still that his Goods might fall by succession to himselfe. Or else ( with *Another* ) will he deuoure his Gold before his Death ; and so bury it in him : Or ( with such *Another* ) sow it in his Sleecue, and appoint it to be buried with him. *Ah this bewitching Wealth ! ha this Gold, this Gold ! how it ties Mens Hearts vnto it ? Once Couetous, and alwayes so. Auarice is commonly the Vice of old Age.*  
*Whereas*

*Whereas other vices then  
fade, this grows afresh. And  
as it begins with Age, so it  
ends not but with Life..*

*A Couetous Man growes  
the fonder of his Gold, the  
sooner he must forgoe it :  
Yea, when it must needs  
Leaue him ; euen then is  
he loth to leaue it.*

*I haue now said so  
much of thee, that I had  
almost forgotten my  
selfe. Who ( thinkst  
thou ) am I ? Euen no  
better than I would ;  
no other than thou  
oughtst to be. Will I  
( like thee ) abase mine  
Affecti-*

Affections vnto Earth;  
when I am bound to  
ayme at nothing vnder  
Heauen? To what can  
I stoope to in a World,  
that am aboue a World?  
I am more worthy, than  
to welcome base Pelfe  
vnto me, so as to wor-  
ship it: My Minde came  
from Heauen; My Gold  
comes but from Earth:  
I doe not meane to set  
Earth aboue Heauen, in  
letting my Gold ouer-  
rule my Minde. If it  
will dwell with me, it  
shall be my Seruant; I  
intend to bee no Slaue  
vnto

vnto it. Riches can I  
contemne, and not de-  
fire, and vse : can vse  
the World, as though I  
vsted it not ; can passe  
by this present Life ; be-  
cause I am to passe  
through it to another,  
to a better Life. Yea, can  
content me with a pre-  
sent Scantnesse, for hope  
of the Fulnesse I am to  
haue hereafter. It is not  
an Earth that I would ;  
nor can an Earth suffice  
and appease my Will.  
My Heart is a true fra-  
med Triangle, a coyned  
Circle cannot fill it. No-  
thing

thing can satisfie my Soule, but All things : He only is enough vnto it, in whom it is. Nothing lesse than God, can suffice the Soule that is capable of God. Euery Creature is but vile to him, that knowes but his Creator. A whole Earth is too strait for him, that lookes as wide as Heauen. The whole Ocean of the World is but as a drop to a thirstie Soule ; to whom one drop of the riuer of Paradise is plenteous refreshment. Hee counts Mammon but base, that prizes

prizes God: And the wise Merchant cares not to part with all, to purchase the pretious Pearle unto him. Did my Will embrace a World, it would still aske more; A World is not enough to my Will: What then should I desire, but what onely and fully can answer, and appease my Desire?

I haue but little, tis true; and the best is, I want but little. I haue but little, yet enough: and that can neuer be little, that is enough; and what is not enough, when  
it



it is at the most, is not much. I lacke but little; I haue chosen the better part than so, to be carefull for many things, when one thing is necessary. *Godlinesse with Contentment is great Gaine;* said One, that for his Knowledge, knew both how to want, and how to abound: and for his Experience, Hauing nothing, yet possessed all things. *Godlinesse*  
will

with Contentment saies  
 he : Why thats enough  
 for Man or Christian :  
 Nature inuities the one,  
 to be content with a little :  
 and Grace aduises the  
 other, *Having food  
 and Raiment, there-  
 with to be content.*  
 A Man will Content him  
 with Natures lot and li-  
 mit : so will a Christian  
 bee content with what  
 measure God hath mett  
 out vnto him. Content is  
 all : The least Portion is  
 enough, the lowest Condi-  
 tion happy, with the

X

*equa-*

unanimittie of the Be-  
rer. The Man is likest to  
God, that lacks the least;  
whose proprietie it is, to  
haue need of Nothing;  
and to be sufficed with  
himselfe. The Contented  
Man is rich in the midst  
of Pouertie: whereas the  
Covetous is poore in the  
midst of Riches. He that  
can be content with what  
he hath; wants not, what  
he hath not: he that is not  
so, wants what he hath.  
The Patriarch cared for  
no more, but Bread to  
eat, and Raiment to  
put

put on: The Wise Man  
craved neither Pouer-  
tie, nor Riches; but  
Conuenience onely. I  
will make that enough to  
mee, which God hath gi-  
uen mee with a sparing  
hand. God saw no more  
was good for mee, he ther-  
fore gaue mee no more.  
Whether God giues little,  
or much, he giues for the  
best. Better is a little  
with the Feare of  
the Lord; than great  
Treasure, and trou-  
ble therewith. Or say

my Estate be not enough to my Will; I can make my Will enough to mine Estate: Namely, while it answers not mee accordingly; I can accordingly apply my selfe to it. Hee that cannot make his owne enough; will neuer haue enough, though all were his owne.

Mee thinks I yet see how *Crates* threw his Gold into the Sea: And heare how *Phocion* told *Alexander*, that himselfe was richer, who needed not his great Gift, than

was

was hee who gaue it:  
And thinke how *Fabrichius* thought it a King-  
dome, to contemne the  
Wealth of a King. These  
knew Gold and Siluer  
was but an elaborate  
Dust; Wealth was but a  
toylike Heape; and  
all manner of Riches,  
not such as their owne  
Worth, but the Errours  
of men had prized, and  
brought into request.  
This vnecessary Trash  
(they knew, & proued)  
was but an impediment  
to Vertue; and an in-  
dicement to Euill: They

X 3    there-

therefore (whose best  
Vertues, were but the  
best Vices) despised that  
for Vertues sake, which  
they knew to be the  
matter and meanes to  
Vice. Did the Nations  
abhorre, and doth Israel  
adore the Golden Idoll?  
Is Mony lesse Earib and  
Dresse, than it was of  
old; or are Mens Affecti-  
ons now become more vile  
and earthy? Haue Chri-  
stians more neede of  
Wealth, than had Pagans?  
Nay haue they not a nec-  
rer, safer, fuller Proui-  
dence within, than haue  
they



they that were, and are  
without? How is it now,  
they preferre the things  
of this Life before them;  
that had neither the  
Knowledge, nor Hope of  
another and better Life?  
To leaue and contemne the  
Wealth of the World, is an  
ordinary Lesson of Philo-  
sophie: To beape and  
adore them then, can be no  
good Diuinitie. If Nature  
could teach Them to  
neglect them, because  
they did them no Good:  
Grace (mee thinkes)  
should the rather in-  
struct mee not to regard  
X 4 them,



them, because they doe  
me hurt.

Yea (as I say) doe me  
hurt : and more hurt,  
then for which a World  
can make amends. Both  
staine my Soule, and  
damne my Soule : and  
can a World now both  
wipe, and quit, this  
both Guilt, and Losse?  
What shall it profite  
a Man, if hee  
shall gaine the whole  
World ; and lose his  
owne Soule ? (saith  
H. B., that doth as much

as

as quite deny, what be-  
 doth this demand ) or  
 what shall a man giue  
 in exchange for his  
 Soule ? An whole World  
 (belike) is not worth a  
 Soule : I yere I ywile  
 then to hazard my  
 Soule, though it were  
 for a world. I will tell  
 the Worldling what I  
 know, and what hee  
 finds. Riches staine the  
 Soule : For a Man doth  
 not lightly and easily  
 become rich, without  
 his Enill and Sinne.  
 Why doth he call iustice  
 right Xs Unright

**Unrighteous Mam-**  
**mon** ? but because Ri-  
 ches and Righteousnesse  
 seldome goe together. But  
 it is common to haue  
 Wealth and Wickednesse  
 at once. How gets a Man  
 his Wealth, but by Fraud  
 and Oppression : how  
 spends a Man his  
 Wealth, but vpon his  
 Pride and Lusts : That  
 must needs be bad out-  
 right, which is purchased  
 by bad meanes, and im-  
 ployed to bad Ends. Riches  
 are not bidden their Na-  
 ture, but are made bad in  
 their use. X their

their Effects. He might  
haue beene Poore and In-  
nocent together; that is  
now growne both Guilty,  
and Rich. Is a man more  
good for his Goods? I  
will neuer thinke a  
Man the better for his  
Meanes; since (I see) it  
is the meanes to make  
him worse. But I must  
tell him withall, what I  
feare, and what hee  
would be loth to finde:  
*Riches damne the Soule.*  
It is (woe, ah woe!) too  
true. Before hee begins  
his Gaine, he hath quite  
lost himselfe: yet consi-  
ders

ders not, how he loles  
 all in the losse of him-  
 self. The acquisition of  
 his Pelfe was at the first  
 sealed with the damna-  
 tion of his Soule. Who  
 but **T H B Y** (the De-  
 uill and his Angels)  
 were to fetch away the  
 Rich mans Soule: He  
 bids you vnderstand  
 how headlong he hur-  
 ries downe to Hell; that  
 tells you how hardly he  
 gets vp into Heauen:  
 Saying: *It is easier*  
*for a Camell to goe*  
*thorow the eye of a*  
*needle;*

needle; than for a  
 Rich man to enter  
 into the Kingdome of  
 God. Briefly, He tells  
 plainly of their Ble-  
 mish and Vengeance  
 together: They that  
 will be rich fall into  
 temptation, and a  
 Snare; and into ma-  
 ny foolish, and hurt-  
 full Lusts, which  
 drowne men in de-  
 struction, and perdi-  
 tion.

Ab

Ah but tis a miserie  
( me thinkes ) to bee  
poore: And there is ( we  
say ) No Woe, to Want.  
The Parentesis was  
well put in, both for the  
pith, and Truth of the  
Saying. Pouerty is a  
Miserie, but it is to them  
that so make it, because  
they take it so. Pouertie  
is no burden to him, that  
can beare it out: None  
feeles the weight of it, but  
he that feares to cunder-  
goe it. Not troublesome is  
it to him that beares it,  
but to him that will not  
beare it. Nothing is hard



to a willing Mind: to an  
 Unwilling is nothing easie.  
 Poverty is grievous to no  
 man; but rather many a  
 Man is so to it. This is the  
 misery of it, that a man  
 will needs make it so to  
 himselfe. I am worthily  
 wretched, when I will  
 not be otherwise per-  
 swaded, but that I am  
 so. In my Minde, Hee's  
 not poore, that would  
 not be rich; and hee  
 lacks nothing, that  
 craues not many things.  
 Tush, tush! No man's  
 poore indeed; and (but in  
 conceits) is no man rich.



He is Poore indeed, that  
 cares to be rich: Hee's  
 rich enough, that feares  
 not to be Poore. Reach  
 indeed to the Opinion  
 of Men, and who is  
 Rich? But stoop to  
 the Condition of Men,  
 and who is Poore? Na-  
 ture hath limited a Man  
 to liue with little: And  
 shall a Man thinke him  
 Poore when he hath not  
 wherewithall to trans-  
 gresse Natures Bounds?  
 There is a kinde of  
 Meannesse, and Scant-  
 nesse to many a Man.  
 It is their opculsnesse

to call it Basenesse, and  
Beggery: and to re-  
proach it so, and abhor  
it. Men doe miscall,  
what they know not  
how to esteeme. And as  
Children are skarr'd at  
Bugge-beares, and fa-  
bled or fained Hob-  
goblins: so Fooles flie  
this Ghostly and gasty  
appearing Pouer by  
Fire and Water, Sea and  
Land. Let others thinke  
Pouer a wofull mi-  
sery; I will deeme it (as I  
well proue it) an happy  
Security. The Poore  
Man, he does no hurt;  
he

he feares no hurt : Hee  
 is not enuied, not hated,  
 not cursed; incuts not  
 the treacherous Enmi-  
 ties of Men : He sings  
 and dances before the  
 Thiers; sleeps safe and  
 sound vnder every  
 Iudge. Nothing hath  
 he, he feares to lose; and  
 lies so low, as whence  
 he cannot fall. I should  
 therefore like Pouer-  
 ty the better; because it is  
 lesse obnoxious to  
 Feare, and Losse. Who  
 would still trouble him to  
 possesse Riches; that must  
 once be more troubled in  
 their

their Losse? It is safer a  
great deale, not to Haue,  
than to Lose. And bee  
farre merrier, whom For-  
tune neuer respected, than  
whom she hath now forsa-  
ken. The Lesser I am;  
I am Greater, than  
whom Change, or  
Chance may indam-  
age.

But say Pouerty were  
worse than it is; and I  
poorer than I am: I am  
not other than Others,  
yea and my Betters haue  
likewise beene. What  
should I tell of poore  
Kings, Prophets, Apo-  
stles,

files, Fathers, Saints?  
CHRIST himselfe was  
Poore: borne of a poore  
Woman, brought forth  
in a poore Stable, lapt  
in poore Clouts, laid in  
a poore Manger, liued  
a poore Life: HE, euen  
he hungered, he wanted,  
he had not wherewith  
to pay the Due; he had  
not whercon to lay his  
Head. Now Worme of  
Earth, how is it thou  
couetest so to be rich: sith  
the God of Heauen and  
Earth, was so willing to  
be Poore. What was there  
in the World, was worthy  
of

of God? What cared he  
then for the worth of a  
World? Why would hee  
want these Things of  
ours? but to tell us, that  
we our selves might well  
bee without them: Why  
contemne them? but to  
teach us not to desire  
them. My SAVIOUR  
cared not to bee rich,  
feared not to bee Poore:  
to bid me not trouble  
my selfe with so need-  
lesse Feares, and Cares.

One thing is, (let the  
World goe the worst  
with me) I cannot liue  
poorer, than I was  
Borne.

Borne; and so must  
Die. Naked (said the  
Poore man) came I  
out of my Mothers  
Wombe, and naked  
shall I retorne thi-  
ther. And the Wise  
man; As hee came  
forth of his mothers  
wombe, naked shall  
he retorne to goe as  
he came; and shall  
take nothing of his  
Labour, which hee  
may carry away in



his hand: In all  
 points as he came, so  
 shall hee goe, and  
 what profit hath he,  
 that hath laboured  
 for the Wind? Come  
 naked, Goe naked;  
 Bring nothing, Carry  
 nothing: To what pur-  
 pose then doe Men get  
 and gather those things  
 which they once had  
 not; and once must not  
 haue? These things of  
 ours, here only we haue  
 them; and wee leave  
 them here. Said I of  
 Ours?



Ours? How are they  
 Ours, which at first were  
 not so; and at last shall  
 not so be? That is ours,  
 which we bring with  
 vs; but that anothers,  
 which we get vnto vs:  
 That is Ours, which we  
 keepe with vs; but that  
 anothers, which wee  
 leaue behind vs. That is  
 a mans Owne, which is  
 not added to a Man;  
 which is not taken from a  
 Man; which is not one  
 mans more than anothers.  
 A Mans Soule is a mans  
 owne: Riches are not so.  
 Ob. hazard not your  
 owne,

owne, to haue the Things  
that are not yours: He  
finly called them vn-  
certaine Riches:

They vncertaine to vs;  
and we likewise to  
them. They Vncertaine:

Now ours, now others;  
now gotten, now gone.

Nothing is Certaine in  
Riches, but vncertainty.

So He expressely; Riches

Certainly make  
themselves Wings,

They fly away, as an

Eagle towards Hea-

uen. An Eagle flies

Y

fu.d.

Suddenly; flies swiftly;  
So are Riches gone in-  
stantly, gone irrecovera-  
bly. These things of ours,  
they goe from vs by more  
wayes than one. Either  
thy Fade of themselves;  
or we Consume them;  
or others Deprive vs of  
them. Our Food is sub-  
iect to putrefaction; our  
Garments to the Moth,  
and fretting; our Gold  
and Siluer to the rust  
and canker; our Lands  
to barenesse and bar-  
rennesse; and our Hou-  
ses to rotnesse and  
ruine. Fire may deuoure  
them,

them, Water; forfallow  
 them, Enemies Spoile  
 them, or Theeves pur-  
 loyne them. O vaine  
 Man! How is it thou now  
 trustest in a Thing so  
 vaine? Trust not in  
 uncertaine Riches:  
 See not thine eyes  
 upon the Thing that  
 is not: Yea, let mee say  
 to One, and All of you:  
 Lay not vp for your  
 felues Treasures vp-  
 on Earth, where  
 Moth and Rust doth  
 : bring Y 2 cor-

corrupt; and where  
 Theeves breake thro-  
 row and steale: But  
 lay up for your selues  
 Treasures in Hea-  
 uen, where neither  
 Moth and Rust doth  
 corrupt; and where  
 Theeves do not break  
 thorow and steale.  
 We also are uncertaine:  
 Did not Riches leaue  
 vs; yet must we leaue  
 them at last. Death is  
 not drawne to partiali-  
 tie; nor can he be cor-  
 rupted:

nupted: Gold and Silver  
 will not hire her to  
 winke at the Wealthy.  
 As did the Poore Man:  
 so did the Rich. Shee  
 knocks as readily, and  
 equally at the Kings, as  
 at the Beggers Doore.  
 Death (when she comes)  
 comes not to take his  
 Wealth from the Rich  
 man; but rather the  
 Rich man from his  
 Wealth. That Rich Glas-  
 ton had laid vp enough  
 in store for many  
 yeares: but that Night  
 They (Death and the  
 bloudy Y; Deuill)

Deuill hath fetcht away  
 his Soule and His Goods  
 were layd vp but his  
 Soule now was fetcht  
 away. A Truffle, yea  
 and Wretched Wretch he  
 was. A Truffle, in the  
 (deuying, the Proui-  
 dence of God) he laid  
 vp for so many yeres  
 Wretched, not consid-  
 ring how (for his owne  
 Fault) he could not  
 promise himselfe right  
 to himselfe. To what  
 end should I lay vp for  
 many Yeres, when I  
 am not sure, my yeres  
 shall bee many? Why  
 (Deuill) should



Should I so greedily get  
 That to me, which I  
 know not how readily  
 I may be fetcht from,  
 or it from me? Where-  
 fore should I provide  
 for so long, when my  
 Iourny is not farre? The  
 little I haue, may (for  
 what I know) out-last  
 my Life. I haue (I know)  
 but a little way Home;  
 and I doe not meane to  
 make a Burthen of my  
 Provision. I would  
 haue my Shooe but fit-  
 ted to my Foot; a Cloake  
 too large or long,  
 would but tire mee to  
 Y 4 trauell



trauell in. It is to Live, as  
 to Swimming; easiest for  
 him that is the lightest. So  
 I have sufficient for to  
 Day; let to Morrow  
 take care for it selfe.  
 Why should my Care  
 be for the Morrow,  
 when I am not sure the  
 Morrow shall be mine?  
 He that likes not my  
 Resolution, let him  
 read my Warant, and  
 vnderstand it. Take  
 no thought for the  
 Morrow; for the  
 Morrow shall take  
 thought

thought for the  
 Things of it selfe.  
 Sufficient vnto the  
 Day is the Euill  
 thereof: I doe not  
 meane to make it the  
 worke to me, by ad-  
 ding mine owne vnto  
 it. Neither will I riot  
 and wattle, because I may  
 die to Morrow: nor yet  
 Couer and scape, be-  
 cause to Morrow may  
 be mine to liue. Herbat  
 so spends the Things of  
 the World, as if he were to  
 Die now; so spends, as if  
 he were to Liue yet: the  
 same

same vses the World, as  
if he vsed it not: And is  
richer in the Inioyment of  
a small Portion; than is  
the other in the Keeping  
of the largest Heape.

Churlish Death! (thou  
saist) and therather so to  
threaten a Separation  
betwixt Thee & Thing;  
than betwixt Thee and  
thy Selfe. Thou irkest  
lesse (I know) thy Body  
and Soules finall Dissol-  
ution; than thy Mind &  
Monies least Division.  
Thou art married to thy  
MAMMON: ty'd in a  
Knot vnto it, which  
Death

Death onely must vnde-  
doe. Thou art one with  
thy Wealth: and ere  
thou wilt not be cou-  
tous, thou wilt not be-  
Hugge thy Heapes yet a  
while ; and kisse euery  
Face of thy Coyne :  
Where thy Treasure is,  
~~there let thy Heart yet~~  
be : Death shall scatter  
thy Treasure, when she  
hits thy Heart. While  
~~thou thinkst~~ on what  
thou hast *laid up* ; that  
*Night* (thou thinkst not  
on) ~~shall come.~~ Then  
shall their Heape stay  
behinde thee ; and their  
Guilt

Gaiety shall be  
 with thee. And the  
 Morley's or other  
 men in this Memo-  
 rial, thou wilt not  
 Huggery Heaps yet a  
 while; and kill every  
 Face of thy Coyne:  
 Where thy Treasure is,  
~~there let thy Heart be~~  
 be: Dear, I shall leave  
 thy Treasure, when the  
 hits thy Heart. While  
 I think on what  
 thou hast said; that  
 Night thou think not  
 on, I shall come. Then  
 shall their Heaps lay  
 behind thee; and their  
 Gulls.

## Distractions.



Enearth this Stone,  
There lieth One;  
No matter for his Name.  
But base by Birth;

He once kept Earth:  
And now Earth keeps the same.

For all his Store,  
He was but Poore;

Euen wanting what he had:  
Making himselfe  
A Slave to Pelfe;

No Slave so base, so bad.  
His thoughts were caring,  
Carcase sparing;

To pamper up his Purse:  
He lin'd a Hogge;  
D'd like a Dogge:

And's gone with many a Curse.  
His Mind was Gold;  
His Corps is Mould;

Which now lies rotting here:  
This, with the Dust,  
That, and the Rust,

Shall once againe appeare.  
God, Friends, and Health,  
Were all to Wealth

Neglected, and Contemned:  
Wherefore to Devils;  
Foes, Woer, and Ruills;  
Hee's iustly now Condemned.